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A CHIEF OF POLICE MURDERED.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Price Ten Cents.



CAYENNE AND COWHIDE.

MRS. KATE WALDRUFF "PEPPERS" FRED WILLIAMS ON AN EAST BUFFALO, N. Y., THOROUGHFARE.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1890.

A VIVID AND THRILLING STORY.

Your attention is called to the new book just published giving the only authentic and complete history of the

Cruel Murder of the Young Englishman, Frederick Benwell,

Which occurred recently near Princeton, Canada. It is fully illustrated, and gives portraits of Benwell, Birchell, Mrs. Birchell and others interested in the tragedy. For sale by all newsdealers or sent to any address on receipt of price, 25 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
Franklin Square, New York City.

"VERBUM SAT SAPIENTI."

Listen to this poem! This song of joy; this sonorous anthem of triumph!

The POLICE GAZETTE once again dons its excelsior robe and crown, and is happy, and joyous and careless. Not careless in the general acceptance of the word, but careless literally, because we are without care and have naught to trouble us.

During the progress of the Late Unpleasantness, Gen. John A. Dix enthusiastically remarked: "If any man attempts to pull down the American flag shoot him on the spot!" We echo those sentiments, slightly paraphrased. If any man attempts to say that the POLICE GAZETTE doesn't get there ahead of all its alleged competitors hoot him on the spot.

Why this seeming hilarity? What for this sadly ill-concealed mirth? Whence this overwhelming enthusiasm? asks the reader.

Did you observe last week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE? Did you note the fact that while such estimable journals as *Harper's Weekly*, *Frank Leslie's* and the rest of the procession were beginning to form into line, the POLICE GAZETTE was enjoying the huzzas of the multitude surrounding the reviewing-stand, and that we had dismissed the band, packed away our flags, banners, streamers and gonfalous, doffed our uniforms and had gone home and tumbled into our virtuous couch while the tail end of the cortege was giving orders to begin the march?

It's all true. The POLICE GAZETTE, without overexerting itself, buckled to business as soon as the news and sketches appertaining to the terrible Louisville disaster had reached us from our special correspondents and artists, and while the whole country was wondering what Death's harvest would be, our presses were running off thousands upon thousands of sheets telling the true story and depicting the horrible scenes in unsurpassable illustrations. While the officials and laborers were yet delving in the ruins, reclaiming the dead, the POLICE GAZETTE was being sold on the streets of Louisville, and was being hurried to the uttermost parts of the world to inform its patrons of the true state of the calamity in unexaggerated report and truthful delineation.

While supplying our readers with what was considered this most important topical news, we deprived them of nothing of interest in other parts of the universe. Not a column of sporting events, not a paragraph relating to pastimes, not a line of information, not a word of new sensational history was wanting.

Although the POLICE GAZETTE has become noted for this energetic style of journalism, we lay the flattering unction to our soul that we somewhat outdid ourself last week, and we must admit that we surprised ourself as well as our contemporaries and the public.

At the same time we are not at all weary, and when we feel that we are unable to continue in this line we will order down brakes, go out of business and live on our well-earned laurels.

Verbum sap.

ATTENTION, BASEBALLISTS.

On another page of this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE will be found a few introductory words regarding what we propose to do this season on behalf of the patrons of the diamond, and the vast army of citizens who would rather witness a baseball game than eat. We have added to our staff of writers one of the brightest and chattiest feuilletonists of the day, who is well up in all that appertains to baseball, and hereafter, from week to week, he will serve up in his merriest vein the gossip of the field all over the country. Watch for "Play Ball's" screened in our forthcoming issues.

MASKS AND FACES

Bismarck on Music--Jack Bennett's Slang--Buncombe From Bohemia.

CONRIED'S QUEER CONCEIT.

Actresses as Essayists--"My Jack"...
Histrionic Happenings.

BUFFALO BILL IN ITALY.

Buffalo Bill has lassoed the Italians just as he did the Brits and the French. He's caught them. The war whoop of the redskin has echoed through



out the streets of Rome, and the yell of the cowboy has stirred up the sleepy denizens of Naples.

The caricature papers out there celebrate the victory of the great scout by cartoon and by prose, and the fair ladies of Italia admire and applaud the physique and horsemanship of his companions, the manly nephews of Uncle Sam.

There's no uncertainty about Buffalo Bill's victory abroad.

Uncertainty--that reminds me.

Charley Hoyt and Bert Dasher were coming out of the Parker House restaurant the other day, when Hoyt came suddenly face to face with a dude who was uncertain as to whether he was to step to the right or the left in the narrow passageway that led from the restaurant to the street. So long did the dude continue these polite but uncertain tactics that Hoyt, after turning to right and left also, finally stood stone still and said to the fellow in his way:

"See here, young man, shall it be a schottish or a mazurka?"

Johnstone Bennett, the young woman who made her first hit playing servant girl roles with Mansfield, is playing with him again. "Jack" Bennett, as her friends call her, is very mannish in manner and attire. Sybil Johnston brought her out. Bennett affects short hair, long ulsters, men's collars, cuffs, shirts, waistcoat and socks. Bennett plays poker and drinks whisky like a thoroughbred, lights matches on her heel and swears when she gets mad.

I interviewed "Jack" Bennett about two years ago, when she was playing *Sally* in the "Monsieur" of Mansfield at the Madison Square.

"I picked up the tough dialect I use as the slavey," said she, "on a boat going to Staten Island. I used to have my shoes shined by a boy on the boat. He slung the slangiest slang you ever heard. Day after day I had my shoes shined by that boy. I made him talk."

I watched him and remembered his queer lingo. He was as bright as a new silver dollar--Bowery all through--but with a devil of a good heart. I used to call him "Hell" and he rather liked the name. Guess he liked the quarters I pitched him better, though. Have a cigarette? I've smoked ever since I was six. Biography? I have foreign blood in me. If I told you my real name you couldn't spell it--so I won't."

As you may remember, Charlie Reed, in the "City Directory" is asked by some one, "Who is Booth?" "Booth?" he asks, venomously. "Booth? Ah, yes, that's the man that was with Barrett!"

There's a little history underlying that gag. Reed, it seems, was introduced to Barrett at the Bohemian Club, San Francisco, one night, and Barrett treated him rather haughtily. So Charley Reed, who is no slouch, takes his revenge on Barrett.

Marion Booth, the leading soubrette with Donnelly and Girard, now at the Fifth Avenue, is a decided attraction, for she is sprightly, graceful and intelligent.

Isabella Evesson, I hear, has suddenly found out that she has a singing voice, and will appear for the first time as a singer at the benefit performance of the Treasurers' Club, to be given at the Broadway Theatre toward the end of the month.

I went into Ernst Possart's dressing room the other night.

It's marvellous the way that great actor can change his facial expression by a touch or two of paint, by a tuft of hair on the cheek or the top of his head.

Heinrich Conried, now the manager of the "King's Fool," is also an excellent mimic.

Some years ago I had to write an article on Spitzer, the famous feuilletonist of Vienna, for one of the big dailies of New York. I wanted to draw a pen picture of Spitzer, but could get no one to give me a photograph or a verbal description of his personality. Finally I interviewed Conried on the subject.

"I have no photo of Spitzer," said he, "but if you'll wait a few minutes, I'll show you how Spitzer looks. I'm going into my dressing room."

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ACTRESSES.--Send a two-cent stamp to cover postage, for our catalogue of portraits of prominent actresses and actors and sporting men. Address POLICE GAZETTE office, New York City.

In ten minutes Conried came out of his sanctum entirely metamorphosed.

I saw before me a small and bearded man with a shambling gait and a quick, nervous manner, who gesticulated abundantly, and who spoke in an abrupt and hasty tone. I afterward saw Spitzer and realized how good Conried had been in his impersonation of him.

Tamagno, the newly-discovered tenor, is big, fat and lusty. He has little mobility in his puffy face, and is as awkward as a peasant. Campanini feverishly walked along the corridor of the Metropolitan Opera House the other afternoon when Tamagno sang, and seemed to think of old times when he was an applauded hero. Times have changed. Keesa Carlstadt, a pretty curly-headed girl with big eyes and a cute foreign accent you would never forget, tells me that the management of "The Gondoliers" is the most courteous she was ever associated with, and that the girls in the company are as pleasant as they are comely.

Grace Filkins, leading lady to Sol Smith Russell after a long and painful illness, has joined her company and will again illumine her role with the brightness of her intelligence and the splendor of her eyes.

When I witnessed Crane do "The Trip of Mr. Perichon," at a benefit at Palmer's the other day, I thought of Labiche, the author of the farce, and the many excellent stories he used to tell us fellows. "When I was a youngster," said he to me one day, "I was on the staff of a religious weekly. The editor was a pious man, but he was surrounded by as thoroughgoing a lot of Bohemians as ever you saw. One of these, a fellow by the name of Dulac, he sent into the provinces to solicit subscriptions and advertisements for his paper. At the end of three weeks Dulac returned and came into the office."

"Well," eagerly inquired the editor, "how did you get along?"

"I didn't get any subscriptions, monsieur," answered Dulac, coolly and deliberately. "I didn't get any ads," he went on, rolling a cigarette. "I didn't make any contracts, but..."

"Yes, yes," eagerly asked the editor, "but what? What did you get?"

"Allow me to proceed without interruption, monsieur," continued Dulac, whisking off some ash from the end of his cigarette with his little finger. "I went as far as Rheims, monsieur," he continued, "a town famous for its cathedral, monsieur, and its wine. I brought back from that town, monsieur, something very precious to a religious newspaper, something infinitely more precious than contracts, subscriptions and ads."

"What did you bring? In heaven's name, tell me what you brought?" gasped the editor.

Dulac leisurely pitched away his cigarette.

"The blessing of His Eminence the Archbishop of Rheims!"

Bismarck, who has just resigned his portfolio out in the Vaterland, has a certain kind of love for certain kinds of music.

Beethoven was his favorite composer.

As a student he used to know lots of the songs of Schuman, Schubert and Heine, and sang them with his beery voice.

He never seemed to take great stock in Wagner.

He hated Offenbach.

It is said that when the "Grande Duchesse" was first produced in Paris, Bismarck and Von der Goltz went to a performance of that sparkling operette one night.

Bismarck moved restively about until they came to the part where "Here is the Sabre" issuing. Then he got up and got out.

"How can you expect a Jew like Offenbach to respect the military?" said Bismarck, as he stalked away. "It's shameful."

Bismarck, by the way, was for a time linked in rumor with Pauline Lucca. The chancellor and the singer were photographed together, and Bismarck on one occasion gave the plump brunette a copy of the combination photograph with this inscription:

"Life is serious, art makes it gay!"

I sat through a performance of "My Jack," by Benjamin Landeck, not long ago. T. Henry French owns this melodrama in five acts and twelve scenes. The play deals with the loves and trials of an English sailor and a Cornish lass. The estate of Greyleigh Manor and the title of Sir Edward Vanberg have been usurped by a cousin of the rightful heir, Jack Meredith, through the supposed drowning of the latter. The proofs of the title have been stolen by a Greek, who blackmails the usurper as the price of the secret. Dorothy Prescott, the Cornish lass has a brother who is a convict and a fugitive from justice. While hiding in the ruins of an old mill he finds the missing papers which have been secreted there by the Greek, who arrives on the scene. A fierce struggle ensues, and during the struggle the villain kills the fugitive. Jack Meredith is arrested for the murder, and after an acquittal joins the navy as a captain and sails for Egypt. The villainous Greek is on the same vessel. The fourth act is laid in Africa, and shows the hero and the murderer lost on the open desert. The latter, believing that he is about to die confesses to the murder and the theft of the papers. But he doesn't die. The play ends happily in the fishing village of Cornwall. The Greek kills the usurper Sir Edward Vanberg. Jack Meredith marries Dorothy.

Let us look around for points on players.

Mabel Amber threatens to star next season, though she renders Louis James anything but strong support and is lacking in personal magnetism.

Blanche Walsh is developing into a capable and efficient actress. She didn't begin at the top.

Blanche Marsden will soon issue her novel, and the theatre world is anxious to con its contents.

Grace Henderson and her voice have retired for good from the stage.

Rita Gough has my sympathies in her loss of her husband Ben Collins, and my well wishes for the success of her farce-comedy career, auspiciously begun.

Marie Hubert Frohman, whose odd signature more than her acting has given her a national reputation, will continue to be boomed by papa's money and hubby's gall.

Adelaide Prince is decidedly the most beautiful woman at Daly's, and outshines Rehan as gold does silver plate.

Rose Coghlan keeps her weight down better than any stoutly inclined woman on the stage, because she fences and rides horseback with unswerving regularity.

Lillian Russell, who has completely knocked out Hall, Urquhart, Luce and all the other Casino divinities--saving always merry Marie Jansen--is also a doughty devotee of daily exercise.

Alan Dale, the scintillant feuilletonist of the *Evening World*, will shortly publish a book on the reigning divinities of the stage of America, in which Urquhart will jostle Hall, and Clayton will be noticed along with Davenport. The book is to be magnificently illustrated, and printed in gilt-edge style.

As I'm speaking of the ladies, I may as well mention Marie Halton, the lady who ran away so suddenly with a diamond broker, and who's coming back quite as suddenly.

I was much amused on looking over *Current Literature* the other day, to see an essay on "Love and Lovers," or something of the kind, quoted by that paper from the *World*, and credited to Marie Halton.

"A Frenchman is the most delicate and persistent of suitors. Repel his advances, and he redoubles his attentions. If you treat him coolly, his bouquets gradually increase in size and beauty. Not all at once, mind you. He does nothing to create surprise and put the object of his sentimental attack on the *qui vive*. Your true Frenchman is an artist in love as in everything else. The bouquets increase in size almost imperceptibly day by day, and delicate attentions of all kinds which serve to soften the perverse heart of a woman are multiplied after the same careful and mathematical fashion. The amount of time a Frenchman will give to the besieging of a citadel is, in itself, the most delicate compliment he can pay to the object of his devotion. And it is for this reason that Frenchmen are usually successful in their love affairs. Men who at first acquaintance are positively distasteful succeed in mingling their personality after a time so thoroughly with a multitude of pleasant attentions that the first unfavorable impressions are altogether obliterated. The American, on the other hand, carries into his love-making the ideas which have proved successful in his business. His chief object seems to be to save time. He measures his success in love not so much by what he captures as the time he has expended in winning a victory. He is in the habit of taking everything for granted, and what is worse, plainly shows in his manner that he does so. No woman wants a man to think that she is easily won, and no mode of proceeding could be more impolitic. The American is introduced to a lady and in half an hour expects to be treated like a life-long friend. I believe that in your American game of poker, what you call 'bluffing' is a very ordinary mode of procedure. As I understand it, 'bluffing' is an attempt to convince your opponent that you have a mortgage on all the cards in the pack worth having, and you really have nothing."

As a matter of fact I hear that essay, though signed by Marie Halton, was really written by Harry Nagle, one of the best known of the younger newspaper men about town.

It's very seldom that our average actress has the brains to write the essays in the daily papers attributed to her. Marie Jansen, Lillian Russell, Lena Morville, Georgie Parker, Estelle Clayton, Vernona Jarbeau could write such essays. Hall couldn't, for one, and Yeamans couldn't for another.

There's an awful lot of rot dumped into the papers about actresses just now.

And the awfulest rot (parдон the superlative) is just this bogus and bastard essay business.

LEW ROSEN.

PUGILISTIC MAMMAS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The members of the Methodist Church of Caro, Mich., recently gave a maple sugar party at the residence of one of the members of the church. Among those present were two well-known ladies of Caro, who began discussing the relative merits of their children. One of the ladies remarked, "There is two classes of boys in this town, mine belongs to the first class. He never does anything but what he comes to me and asks: 'Mamma do you think it right for me to do this or that?'" Lady No. 2 replied, "There are three classes of boys in this town." "Well, if that is so," answered the first, "yours belongs to the third class. He plays cards and dances." At this both women jumped up, rubbed their fists under each other's noses and started a scrapping match.

But for the interference of friends there would have been a terrible time. The affair ended with a dance and no blood was shed. The whole town is talking of the occurrence and a disruption in church circles is anticipated.

A HOSTILE NIECE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Annie Goldsby the wife of a Lucy Tenn., farmer recently made an attempt to kill her uncle, Gibb Williams. Williams is a clerk in a Main street, Memphis, book store. His niece entered the store closely veiled, and as her uncle came towards her to wait upon her she drew a revolver and fired at his head. The bullet, however, was small and did nothing more than slightly scratch the man. Then she chased Uncle Gibb out of the store, endeavoring to get another crack at him, but he escaped. Mrs. Goldsby claims that her uncle wronged her when she was but nine years of age. Williams denies the charge, and says the woman is crazy. She was arrested.

BE SURE AND GET THE FULL AND AUTHENTIC HISTORY of the Cruel Murder of Fred Benwell, near Princeton, Canada. Fully illustrated, with portraits of Benwell, Birchell, and Mrs. Birchell. On all news stands, or sent on receipt of price, 25 cents. Address POLICE GAZETTE, New York.

ANGRY SCHOOLMARMs.

They Cause Heaps of Trouble in Babylon, L. I.

TRUSTEES ROOSTING HIGH.

An Insulting Letter Raised the Dreadful Rumpus.

SWEET GIRL GRADUATES VAMOSE.

In the summer time Babylon, L. I., is one of the liveliest towns between Brooklyn and Montauk Point. It is overrun by cityites, who boom the place for all they are worth, and the giddy girls giggle and flirt to their dear little hearts' content, and the high-collared youths, with their brains under the surbase of their Seemore coats, indulge in more masches than a moonshining district could under a full head of steam.

In the winter and early spring times the town is usually as quiet as a clandestine mousetrap on the lay for business. This usual quiet has, however, been disturbed, and four pretty Babylonian school-teachers are the cause of the impediment.

There is a High School in town. It isn't nearly as



BABYLON YOUNG MEN IN LUCK.

high now as it was, having been somewhat lowered in the estimation of the referred-to teachers and the public. Also of the trustees.

The teachers are all real sweet girls. They are Emma D. Rowe, Emma J. Bush, Persie Miller and M. A. Page. They have all resigned, and left the town and the school all to their lonies. Now, as to the cause of the exodus.

Just after election times, last year, the four named and Josephine Caldwell, Minnie Woodward, Emma F. Ward and J. Cathuen, four other teachers in the high school, for the sake of economy and for the additional reason that they were averse to corrugating their pretty teeth and raising havoc with their digestive machinery, determined to keep house. They leased the Bicknell cottage, on Deer Park avenue, installed a housekeeper and settled down, determined to boycott hasheries forever.

The Bicknell cottage soon became the most popular abiding place in town, and it is said that the girls, who were at times lonesome, you know, were visited by young men residents of Babylon. This created some comment. When they learned this they asked Principal Roberts if there was objection to their keeping house. He replied that, so far as he could learn, they were placing themselves in a compromising position. The young ladies became indignant at this, and for some days refused to speak to Mr. Roberts. It is said that they began to act in a very independent manner, but the dissension that was engendered did not leak out.

Then the gossips of the town began to wag their tongues, and finally Miss Miller received an insulting letter. In the letter the writer spoke of her visits to him as being like those of the angels, few and far



MISSES ROWE AND PAGE INDIGNANT.

between. He dwelt at length upon her attractions, and made special mention of Miss Miller's beautiful eyes. He also offered to secure for her an increase of salary or anything else in the power of the Board to bestow. Upon receipt of the letter Miss Miller handed it, together with her resignation, to Principal Roberts. He in turn placed it in the hands of Trustee Reid, who is President of the Board. The principal instructed Miss Woodward the same day to take charge of Miss Miller's class.

The following morning, however, when Miss Woodward reached the school she found Miss Rowe in charge of the class. The latter said Trustee Nicholl had instructed her to take Miss Miller's place. That night Mr. Reid and the principal called at Mr. Nicholl's office. They met the gentleman in the hall, and when they intimated that they had called to discuss school matters, Mr. Nicholl casually mentioned that he had two of the teachers in his office.

When asked to explain why he put Miss Rowe in charge of Miss Miller's class, Nicholl said he was not aware that Principal Roberts had full charge of the school. After considerable argument Mr. Nicholl consented to let Mr. Roberts manage the school. He communicated his decision to Miss Rowe who



MISS MILLER TENDERS HER RESIGNATION.

was in his office with Miss Page. The two teachers became very indignant and left the building, and that night they, together with Miss Busch, tendered their resignation. Principal Roberts said when questioned that he could not understand why Miss Busch had resigned unless it was out of sympathy for her companions.

Anyhow Miss Miller resigned first and straightaway packed her valise and started for Chicago, having obtained a position in the Normal School in that city of culture. On the day following Miss Rowe, Miss Busch and Miss Page also shook the dust of Babylon from their booties. As they boarded the train their eyes flashed fire like unto that produced by the near-by Fire Island light and they said that they'd never, never, never sully their dimity by contact with the detestable ground of the province again.

As the good-looking conductor yanked the bell-rope and the car-wheels began to turn, a delegation of pupils crowded the platform and gave their favorite schoolmarm a hearty send-off.

There is blood on the face of Babylon's school-moon, and the parents of the scholars have taken sides and threaten to rip the whole town up the back when the next election for school trustees is held. The dudes of the town are also up in arms and they promise to make it hot for somebody before they come off. They intimate that they know who sent the letter to Miss



THE TEACHERS GIVEN A SEND-OFF.

Persie Miller, and they make faces at a certain official as he passes by.

Ere the Ides of Summer look out for squalls in Babylon, L. I. Those most deeply interested should pin this in their plugs.

HIS BRAIN WAS ALL RIGHT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Frank H. Collier, the well-known lawyer of Chicago, Ill., has been having what might be termed a very large and elegant time recently. The eccentric lawman arrived in Kansas City, Mo., a few days ago from Leavenworth, where his pranks had led him into difficulties with the police. Collier paid a visit to the Warden Grand Opera House, in Kansas City, and forced his way behind the scenes, where he began to hug and play tag with the actresses. Their screams soon brought the male members of the company to their assistance. Collier showed fight and was making an effort to draw a pistol, when one of the members of the company drew his revolver and was just going to fire as Manager Leach came in and recognized Collier as being an old Chicago friend. Leach took care of him and returned him to the hotel, where he was cared for by Manager Hill, who placed him in care of a conductor, to be taken to Chicago.

FEMALE WHITE CAPS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A crusade against saloons has broken out in Farmington, Mo. A few days ago Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Foster, with about twenty other women, waylaid a wagon load of beer about half a mile from the town and compelled the driver to dismount. The women were armed with axes, hatchets and hammers. The barrels were rolled from the wagon, the bungs knocked out and the beer dumped on the roadside. The women then mounted the wagon and started to drive to Delassus, and destroyed a carload of beer which was side-tracked at that place.

SEND A TWO-CENT STAMP to this office for our new catalogue of sporting goods, photos, sensational and sporting books, etc. Every sporting man needs this catalogue.

A LEAVENWORTH CASE.

A Foul Murder Near the Reservation in Kansas.

MRS. METTMAN THE VICTIM

Brutally Butchered And Thrown In to the Missouri.

THE MYSTERY STILL UNSOLVED.

There is a mystery in Leavenworth, Kas., and the people of the surrounding country are greatly excited as to its outcome. This is more particularly true as to the neighborhood of Fort Leavenworth, a Government garrison, situated adjacent to the city.

Mrs. Teresa Mettman was brutally murdered. Her husband, who was employed at the military prison, was arrested as the murderer and subsequently discharged, and now the detectives are searching for the real perpetrators of the crime. The story of the crime is revolting in the extreme.

On the morning of March 28 two young men, Richard Fullam and William Ulrich, were rowing on the Missouri river. They had just passed Two Mile Creek,



MR. AND MRS. METTMAN.

near the reservation, when they saw a hand protruding above the surface of the water. They pulled their boat nearer the bank and investigated. Upon drawing the body ashore they were horrified to see that it had been dismembered in a terrible manner.

It had been not only disemboweled, but the legs were missing. About the neck was tied a rope, at the end of which were several large stones, placed there, evidently, to keep the body at the bottom of the river.

The police were immediately notified and a coroner's jury was soon at the spot to view the awful find.

The body had been cut in two at the lower part of the waist and the pelvic bone had been split into half, separating the two lower limbs.

Search was at once made for the missing limbs and the efforts of the searchers were soon rewarded by the finding a short distance up the river of a gunny sack containing the entrails and the left leg of the woman.

The trunk was still clothed in the torn and bloody garments, made so by the weapon with which the fiend did the dissecting. Some other clothes belonging to the murdered woman were found tied up in a bundle and lying between the two points where the body and limb were found.

The dissection had been done by one who had full knowledge of the knife and who evidently had used a keen instrument.

The mangled remains were taken to the city and placed in Carthan's undertaking establishment where large crowds of people were soon congregated to view the body.

Just as the coroner's jury had viewed the remains where they were found without recognizing the fea-



WHERE THE MURDER WAS PERPETRATED.

tures of the woman, a passenger engine of the Rock Island came up on its way to the round house. The engineer stopped and, with his fireman, took a glance at the mangled corpse. No sooner had the fireman obtained a look at the murdered woman's face than he gave a scream, crying: "That's my mother," and it was. The fireman was Henry Mettman, the oldest child of the murdered woman. The recognition

solved so much of the mystery as related to identification.

Further investigation proved that on the previous Sunday night, March 23, Mrs. Mettman, who had quarrelled with her husband, had left home, telling her married daughter, Mrs. Koutzahn, that she was going to visit a friend. She did not return that night, nor the next day, and then the family became alarmed. It was known that Mrs. Mettman, when she left home had nearly \$500, her son's savings, in her possession, and, as she was somewhat flighty at times, it was thought possible that she had taken it into her head to come to New York to visit a relative. Mrs. Koutzahn told her father of the mother's disappearance, and he determined upon giving no alarm, saying that



THE BODY IN THE "BIG MUDDY."

Mrs. Mettman would probably return all right, and that it would not be proper to suffer the disgrace of a premature discovery to the neighbors of her absence. Day by day passed, and finally, as Mrs. Mettman did not return, Mr. Mettman advertised the fact of her strange disappearance in a local newspaper. No clue was obtained as to the woman's whereabouts until the body was found in the river by the two boys.

A coroner's inquest was held, but no new facts were elicited. The inquest was concluded even before an autopsy had been held, and before the police had fully investigated the matter. The usual "from causes unknown" verdict was returned. Mr. Mettman had been arrested as the supposed perpetrator of the crime, but as there was no real evidence against him he was released. The officials on the reservation and his neighbors gave him a good character, and there was nothing, at that time, to point to his complicity in the crime.

In the meantime anxiety existed on the part of the detectives as to where the murder and dismemberment had been done. It was evident that neither had been committed on the river bank, and a close search was made of the near-by country.

Energetic search located the scene of the murder. It was ascertained that the woman had been first shot, and the search revealed the fact that she had been murdered near the road to the creek at a point about fifty feet north of the south line of the reservation and near the main drive leading to the fort. There is a gully near by, and from blood spots found in the vicinity it is pretty certain that the body was mutilated there. The murderer, after dismembering the body, several parts of which have not yet been found, evidently removed it to the river on horseback, as the imprints of a horse's hoofs were found in the vicinity. There is every reason to believe, at the time of writing,



HENRY METTMAN'S DISCOVERY.

that robbery was the cause for the crime, and that the gold in the woman's pocket was the incentive for the deed. The officials are hard at work with the hope of ultimately solving the mystery.

CAYENNE AND COWHIDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

For some time past Fred Williams has been courting a fascinating widow of East Buffalo, N. Y., named Kate Waldruff, and the two were to have been married shortly after Lent, but the wedding will not take place now. Some friend of Mrs. Waldruff hinted to her that her lover could not legally marry her. The widow made an investigation and discovered that Williams was already married and had a wife and six small children.

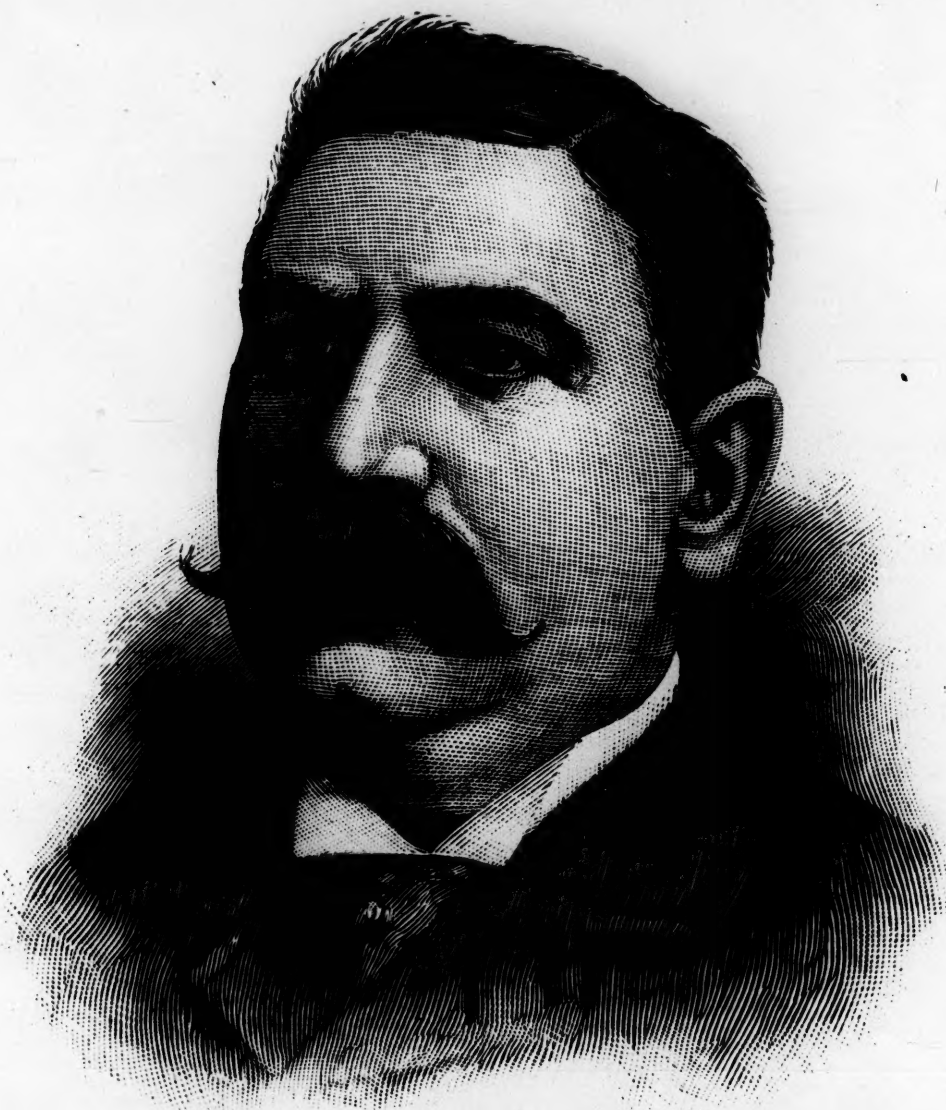
Mrs. Waldruff bought a rawhide and a pound of red pepper and went on a still hunt for Williams, whom she found at work painting a house on Peckham street. She threw a handful of the pepper in the man's eyes and then gave him a sound thrashing with the cowhide. Mrs. Williams and a crowd witnessed the scene.

DASHING BERT DASHER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Bert Dasher, the enterprising advance agent, was born in Lexington, Ky., and made his debut as a railroad man. His career since he has been a theatrical agent has been brilliant, and as agent for Hoyt's "Brass Monkey" Company he has made hundreds of friends.

OUT TO-DAY.—THE BENWELL MURDER.—Just issued in book form. The murder of Fred C. Benwell, at Princeton, Canada, fully illustrated, from sketches by our corps of special artists. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents.



A SPORTING JOURNALIST.

W. W. NAUGHTON, OF AUSTRALIA AND CALIFORNIA, WHO SUGGESTED THAT PETER JACKSON TRY HIS PROWESS IN THE NEW WORLD.



MARGARETHA URBANSKA,

A BEAUTIFUL AND WITCHING PREMIER BALLET DANCER OF NIMBLE LIMB AND GRACEFUL MOVEMENT.



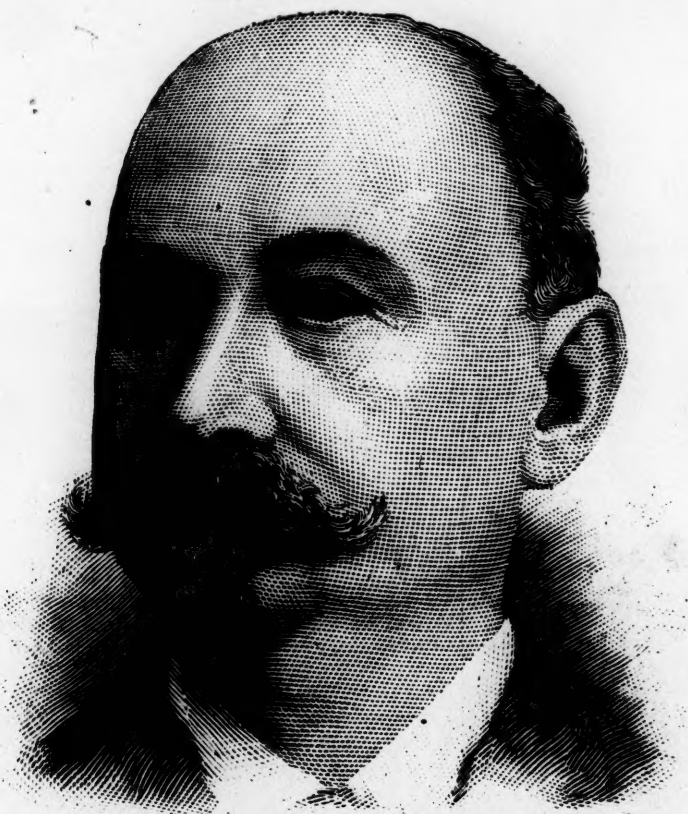
A NOTED SPORTING AUTHORITY.

C. H. ASHLEY, A GENIAL, WARM-HEARTED YORKSHIREMAN, AND PROPRIETOR OF THE FAMOUS JOURNAL, "THE SPORTSMAN," LONDON.



DASHING BERT DASHER,

AN ACTIVE AND ENTERPRISING ADVANCE AGENT, NOW STEERING HOYT'S "BRASS MONKEY" COMPANY TO BIG BUSINESS.



A CRESCENT CITY OFFICIAL.
COL. THOMAS N. BOYLAN, OF THE NEW ORLEANS, LA., POLICE,
WHO IS A FAVORITE WITH EVERYBODY.



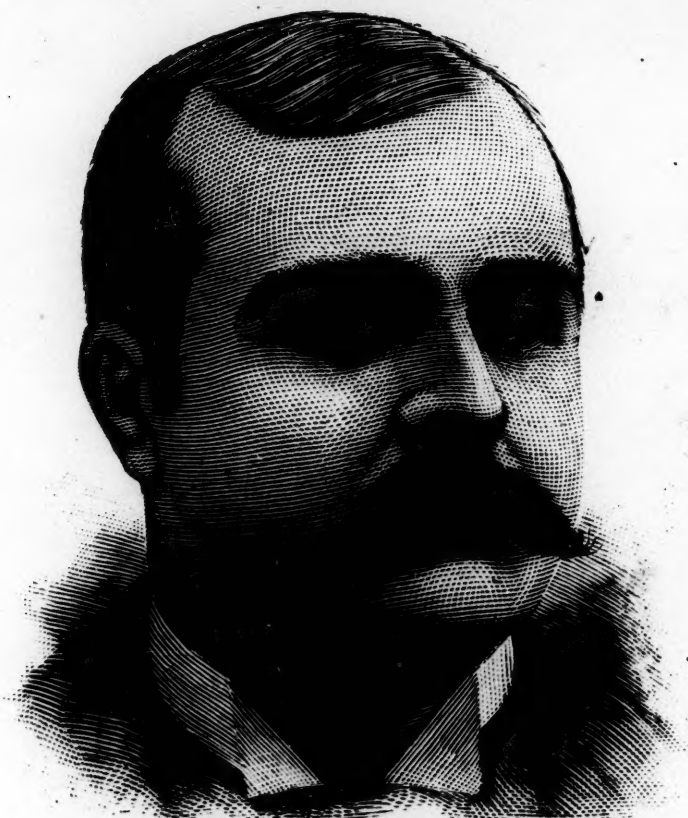
FEMALE "WHITECAPS."
SUPPOSABLY LAW-ABIDING CITIZENESSES OF FARMINGTON, MO., TIE-UP A LOAD OF BEER BY THE
ROADSIDE AND OPEN SEVERAL BARRELS.



BREAKING UP HOUSEKEEPING.
A PLEASANTVILLE, N. J., CITIZEN ENDEAVORS TO COQUET WITH HIS HOUSEKEEPER AND SHE RE-
BELS IN A MOST TEMPESTUOUS MANNER.



CHIEF OF POLICE JOHN F. FARLEY.
THE EFFICIENT AND POPULAR HEAD OF THE DENVER, COL.,
DEPARTMENT WHO WAS FORMERLY A DETECTIVE.



A FAMOUS SPORTING MAN.
GEORGE E. KENT, THE PROPRIETOR OF "THE DRUM" IN MINN-
EAPOLIS, MINN., WHERE THE FANCY CONGREGATE.



A BLOODLESS DUEL.
RUDOLPH HICKS AND WILLIAM BURKE OF WHEELING, W. VA., BANG AT EACH OTHER FRUIT-
LESSLY AND THEN SHAKE AND MAKE UP.

IS TUTHILL A CROOK?

That's What Montclair, N. J.,
Citizens Think.

A CHURCH-GOING BURGLAR.

If Not Tuthill, Some One Resem-
bling Him.

THE FIND IN HIS CELLAR.

Until two weeks ago James George Tuthill was one of the most respected residents of that sunny little town Montclair, N. J. So was his pretty wife. Now they're not. But let us not anticipate, but tell the story, as all of the Montclair people now know it.

In 1884 young Tuthill dropped into Montclair and took board with the family of Mr. Geo. Booth, a well-to-



JAMES GEORGE TUTHILL.

do boss stone mason, who were his distant relatives. He learned the stone mason's trade, but it was not suited to his tastes, and he dropped it. He was a fine-looking fellow, and finally he wooed and won pretty Ida Post. They were exceedingly happy for a while, but one fine morning George suddenly left town. Then it was ascertained that he had another wife living in Port Jervis. When he returned to Montclair he announced, and the fact was proven, that the other wife had two husbands, and that that was the cause of his flightiness. George was, of course, forgiven, and everything, once again, progressed smoothly.

Tuthill then went into business for himself in the stone trade and gained an excellent reputation. He was trusted for large amounts, met his obligations promptly, paid his employees at the proper time and was soon doing a thriving trade. He became a devout member of a local church and everybody spoke well of him.

For some time Montclair has been the scene of innumerable burglaries. Scarcely a night passed but some house was surreptitiously entered between sundown and sun-up, and valuables of more or less value carried off. Watch was kept for the clandestine visitor but in each and every instance he eluded the vigilance of the watchkeepers and got away with the swag.

On March 17, Mr. Alexander Robertson moved to Montclair from Brooklyn. He leased one of Mr. Booth's houses on Grove avenue, but it wasn't quite ready for occupancy, so he stopped for the night in Mr. Booth's own residence. At a seemingly hour he retired to a room which had been especially prepared for him.

He hadn't been asleep more than an hour when a bright light in the room awakened him. He felt as if he had a nightmare. In the middle of the room stood a tall man with a flaming match in his fingers. He was looking around, and just as the match burned out he began to move towards a chair on which lay Mr. Robertson's trousers. He struck another match, and by its light he fished out Mr. Robertson's gold watch and chain, worth \$75.

Mr. Robertson didn't want to make any trouble in his landlord's house, so he lay perfectly still while the stranger helped himself. He had a good look at the man's face by the match light. His footfalls made no noise as he crossed the room, threw his leg gracefully out of the window and disappeared in the silent night. As soon as the stranger's head dropped below the window-sill Mr. Robertson screamed for the police, but the policeman that he longed for didn't come.

By the bright starlight he saw his volunteer time-keeper snatch up a pair of shoes on the lawn and run down Grove avenue.

All the household woke up, looked around for the thief awhile and then peacefully went back to bed.

A little earlier or a little later on the same night John Manuel, who lives next door to Mr. Booth, came home and was surprised to see a man on his lawn. The fellow softly walked up the stairs to the porch and began to climb up one of the veranda posts. Mr. Manuel ran across the lawn and, without saying a word, began to pull the climber's leg. Down came the climber. Neither man wasted his breath on speech, but the pair there and then began a "catch-as-catch-can" wrestling match on the lawn. The climber suddenly "back-heeled" Manuel and had the pleasure of seeing him sprawl backward on the grass. Then he ran away. When Mr. Manuel had rested awhile and got his wind he went indoors and told his wife of the thief he hadn't caught. He also told her he was pretty positive that the man was James George Tuthill.

Still, Mr. Manuel did not complain to the police because he had not lost anything, and he did not care about stirring up trouble for an old neighbor.

Later on Mr. Robertson thought it would be a good idea to visit Justice of the Peace Morris and unload his mind regarding his visitor. He told his Honor all about the case and described Tuthill to a "T." His Honor hesitated about issuing a warrant and, because of Tuthill's respectability, doubted Mr. Robertson's assertions. Then they put up a job with Builder De Witt, who was deputized to summon Tuthill to his office to make some estimates on work. Robertson was



THE TUTHILL RESIDENCE.

to watch Tuthill from Henry Clay Dabney's coal office, opposite, as he passed by.

At the appointed hour along came Tuthill. "That's the man that robbed me!" excitedly shouted Robertson.

The onlookers laughed in derision at the assertion. Then Mr. Robertson hurried after Constable Dodd. Dodd obtained a search warrant to examine Tuthill's house, and Tuthill acquiesced.

"Come on in," he said briskly. "I'll be glad to help you look around. It's all a mistake, though. You won't find anything. Somebody'll have to suffer for this. It's an outrage."

Tuthill led the way home.

The searchers found no trace of anything that didn't belong to Tuthill. They didn't care to search the first floor of the house, because it was occupied by another family. Tuthill casually remarked that he'd go down in the cellar and get a scuttle of coal while his visitors were searching. They thought he stayed away a long time, so they followed him down. Dodd's eagle eye caught sight of a hole in the wall, left there by the removal of a beam. He poked around in the hole and found three gold watches and chains, two big diamond rings, a lady's gold watch, a dozen rings—plain gold, turquoise, amethyst, topaz—and a dozen other bits of jewelry.

"Where in the world did those things come from?" asked Tuthill, with a most surprised look on his face. "I guess you know," said Robertson.

Tuthill kept on "wondering" innocently. Dodd even



A BURGLAR ENTERS ROBERTSON'S ROOM.

then didn't think of arresting him, so far removed did his conduct seem from that of a thief.

Tuthill walked up the street with Constable Dodd and Alex. Robertson. He went into Dabney's coal office and sat down and talked with some friends. Constable Dodd took his find of jewelry to Justice Milligan's court and then went out to find Thomas H. Boudin, one of the victims of the mysterious sneak thief. Mr. Boudin identified his wife's diamond ring, and then Justice Milligan issued a warrant for Tuthill's arrest. Constable Dodd thoughtfully and slowly went back to Dabney's office with it. Robertson was happy now at the prospect of getting back his watch. They were both surprised to find that Tuthill hadn't waited for them. Instead, he had fled to New York by the noon train.

A week passed and then it was ascertained that Tut-



FINDING STOLEN PROPERTY.

hill was stopping with an uncle in Brooklyn, N. Y. Armed with a warrant, Constable Allsworth hunted him up and placed him under arrest. He denied all

THE ATROCIOUS MURDER OF YOUNG FRED RENWELL in the woods of Canada. All the incidents fully illustrated, with portraits of all the interested parties. For sale by all news-dealers, or sent by mail on receipt 25 cents. Address POLICE GAZETTE office, New York.

knowledge of the burglaries. While he was busy denying, the Brooklyn police remembered that a burglary had been committed near the uncle's residence some time before, and they nabbed Tuthill as a suspect and locked him up. He was held for examination by Justice Goetting.

In the meantime Mrs. Tuthill had been placed under arrest in Newark, N. J., as an accomplice of her husband.

When arrested, Tuthill and his wife both asserted their innocence in strenuous terms. Mrs. Tuthill denied that she knew anything about the matter, and Tuthill laughed at his accusers. Circumstances were against him. It was proven that he had been in the habit of presenting his friends with articles of jewelry, and two score of residents of Montclair came forward and either claimed valuables found in his cellar, or told tales of having been robbed by a man looking suspiciously like Tuthill. Tuthill claimed, however, that the property had been hidden in his cellar before he occupied the house, and said that his friend, Constable Dodd, was hunting up the real thief.

While Tuthill was in Raymond Street Jail, Brooklyn,



TUTHILL IN JAIL.

Detective O'Connor and Mr. Robertson were in Albany seeking a requisition to take him back to New Jersey, and they afterward lodged him in the Newark, N. J., jail.

COLORED SPORTS HAVE FUN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The topic of discussion among the colored "400" of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the recent boxing tournament held in the gymnasium on Fulton street. The colored "gemmen" had made every preparation to insure the affair a success. The object of the go was to settle the amateur boxing championship of the earth. After Bill Robertson had given the word, Monroe Doody and William Hill, of the 135-pound class, were announced. In the first round Doody hit the air, often ducking afterward to avoid an atmospheric counter. The second round was fierce. Doody fell twice, Hill tripping over him on the last occasion. Then the former was thrown violently over the ropes among the howling spectators, who held out their hands to catch him. In the third round Doody was pitched twice on to the reporter's table. Doody monkeyed with the reporter's table frequently by being pushed, knocked or punched over the ropes. Hill was declared the winner. C. Williams and J. Moseley, 135-pounders, were next introduced, but at the end of the first round Williams' knees were shaking so badly that his second couldn't get him to keep on the stage, and the bout was awarded to Moseley. Black Doody then defeated William Russell. After considerable more fun Hill was declared champion in the 135-pound class, and "Black" Doody in the 115-pound class. The colored sports present enjoyed themselves and yelled themselves hoarse.

A NOTED SPORTING AUTHORITY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

C. H. Ashley, whose portrait appears on another page, is one of the leading sporting journalists in England, and as the proprietor of the *Sportsman*, the great London daily paper devoted to sport, occupies a position of very considerable influence and authority in the turf world. He has done some big things for sporting journalism. His famous Turf Agency—which supplies all the leading general newspapers abroad, as well as in Great Britain and Ireland, with sporting news—is a striking monument of his enterprise and industry. It was started before the Press Association, an agency on similar lines for the dissemination of general news, was even thought about, and the latter institution is no chicken, for it celebrated its majority the other day. Mr. Ashley was also the pioneer of sporting dailies, and for several years the *Sportsman* held undisputed possession of the field. But the subject of our notice delights in competition; he is never so happy as when he is actively engaged in the journalistic fray. He has had a long, busy and exceptionally successful career, but is still in the prime of life. He looks what he is—a sturdy, genial, warm-hearted Yorkshireman.

MRS. TIERNEY HOLDS THE FORT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Patrick Tierney is a hardworking woman, and lives at No. 126 First street, "Dodgetown," Pa. Recently she fell behind in her rent, but promised to pay the landlord within a few days. This, however, was not satisfactory to the owner, Mathias Tase, who ordered Constable McHale to sell Mrs. Tierney's household effects. When the constable arrived at the house, he found the doors barred against him, but going to the rear, tried to climb through a window. In so doing he knocked over a lot of crockery. Mrs. Tierney heard the noise and rushed to the back room where she found the floor strewn with broken cups and saucers, and McHale half-way through the window. The plucky woman made use of the broken china by throwing it at the officer's head. Landlord Tase pulled him out, not, however, until Mrs. Tierney's bombardment had made his face look like an uncooked beefsteak. The constable and landlord, with the assistance of the latter's son, then broke open the front door. Mrs. Tierney was found inside armed with an ax, but said nothing when the three men entered. McHale proceeded to sell the furniture to Tase, who

was the only bidder. Finally a stove was sold for \$5 to Landlord Tase.

"Have you sold the stove?" asked Mrs. Tierney. "I have," replied the officer.

The enraged woman started in to demolish the stove with the ax, and soon had it in one thousand pieces. She then made a drive at the constable, who fell to the floor. Young Tase attempted to catch the irate dame, but was knocked down with a stove-lid. She then turned her attention to the fallen officer, who with uplifted hands, begged for mercy.

"You wouldn't make me children fatherless?" cried McHale, as he saw the upraised ax.

"On one condition I will not kill you, and that is, if you swear on your bended knees to leave this house and never return, and swear to God not to prosecute me for having hit you with the cups and saucers!" said the lady. The officer swore and was allowed to depart. Mrs. Tierney is still in possession.

BREAKING UP HOUSEKEEPING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Evan Adams of Pleasantville, N. J., appears to have a very hard time of it with his housekeepers. Since the death of his wife, seven years ago, he has had no less than 126 servants, none of whom has remained in his employ longer than a week.

A few days ago Adams entered the kitchen where the servant was and made some remark, it is said, to the girl, who grabbed an axe and chased him from the house. A few hours later when Adams re-entered the house he found the housekeeper engaged in a work of general destruction. Crockery, china and furniture were falling beneath her axe, and Mr. Adams had a narrow escape himself. He threw a large pitcher of molasses on his long white beard; then, it is said, she added a double handful of flour, and would have made gingerbread dough of his whole physiognomy if he had not sought safety in flight. The case will be settled in court.

MURDERED NEAR HIS HOME.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John H. Caddall, treasurer of Pulaski County, Va., and president of the Pulaski National Bank, was waylaid and murdered recently while on his way home. Mr. Amos Akers, a farmer, while riding along the road, met Caddall's horse, and a few yards further away found Mr. Caddall lying in the road, covered with blood and unconscious, but still living. An examination showed that the president had been shot in the head and his skull crushed in by a stone, which was found lying near. He died shortly after being found. The dead man's pockets had been turned inside out, and his pocket book and watch and chain were missing.

The murder occurred on the Newbern road, about three and a half miles from Dublin and about two miles from his home. No trace of the murderer has been found.

A RACE FOR A BRIDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Jacob H. Sprankle, a wealthy farmer of Mogadore, O., recently drove up to the Court House at Akron in a very excited condition. He procured a marriage license for himself and Miss Lucinda Snyder, of Mogadore. After receiving the precious document he asked whether another license could be issued for some one else to marry the same girl. Being answered affirmatively he grew very excited, and hastily started for Mogadore.

He had scarcely gone when another anxious swain appeared in the person of Samuel P. Cramer, who took out a license for himself and Lucinda Snyder. Hearing of Sprankle's prior visit, Cramer held consultation with friends, and then boarded a train for Krumroy station, three miles from Mogadore.

A BLOODLESS DUEL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Rudolph Hicks and William Burke, two Wheeling, W. Va., young society men, recently fought a bloodless duel. The trouble was caused by Hicks insulting Burke at the house of a lady friend. Hicks sent Burke a challenge merely as a bluff, which was promptly accepted by Burke, who named swords as the weapons to be used. Finally pistols were decided upon. Howard Simpson, a mutual friend, on the way to the field of honor extracted the balls from the cartridges. Hicks was aware of this, but Burke was not. When the word was given Burke fired in the air, and then stood to receive the point blank fire of his opponent, repeating this on the second fire. The principals then shook hands and returned home. All the town is snickering.

CHIEF OF POLICE JOHN F. FARLEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the most popular men in Denver, Col., is Chief of Police John F. Farley, whose pleasing features are produced elsewhere. Chief Farley was appointed to his present position on May 2, 1889, by Mayor Londoner. Previous to his appointment to the Denver Police Department he was manager of Thiel's Detective Agency, of Denver, where he had been since 1873. The Chief was born in the County Caven, Ireland, in 1849, and came to this country with his parents when four years of age. Since his promotion to the position of Chief of Police, Mr. Farley has done such good work that the business men of Denver presented him with a handsome diamond badge recently as a token of their appreciation.

A CRESCENT CITY OFFICIAL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page will be found the portrait of Colonel Thomas N. Boylan, manager of Boylan's Detective Agency of New Orleans, La. Mr. Boylan has gained fame as a terror to evil-doers. He was born in the Crescent City on March 25, 1833. In 1855 he was appointed on the city police force, and in 1860 he was placed in command of the First District as lieutenant of police. During his career as a police officer he made many notable arrests. He is very popular with all the members of his staff.

MARGARETHA URBANSKA.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Margaretha Urbanska, the dashing premier ballerina of the Metropolitan Opera House, is reproduced in our dramatic gallery this week. Miss Urbanska hails from Southwestern Europe, and had triumphs as a dancer in Paris, Milan, Vienna and St. Petersburg.

ELEGANT CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS.—Send a two-cent stamp to cover postage, for our catalogue of portraits of prominent actresses and actors and sporting men. Address Richard K. Fox, New York.

CHIEF McCORD SLAIN.

The Head of the Lebanon, Pa., Police Force Dead.

SHOT BY A DRUNKEN CITIZEN.

Andrew L. Shirk, the Murderer, is Now in Jail.

AN EXCITING MIDNIGHT RIDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Chief of Police Aaron McCord, of Lebanon, Pa., was brutally murdered in front of C. H. Light's clothing store, near Cumberland and Eighth streets, that city, just before midnight one night recently, by Andrew L. Shirk, who was intoxicated and whom the Chief was endeavoring to place under arrest for disorderly conduct.

On the night in question Chief McCord and Officer Yost were seated in the station house when Officer



AARON McCORD.

Mease entered and informed them that Shirk, who had a large-sized load aboard, was endeavoring to run the town. They hurried out, and upon arriving near the Eagle Restaurant they ascertained that Shirk had endeavored to shoot a man there and had missed his aim by a hair's breadth. After indulging in his pistol practice, Shirk had left the restaurant and had proceeded to a point near the clothing store, when he was overtaken by the Chief. They had a scuffle, and Chief McCord was getting the best of the drunken man, when the latter drew a revolver and shot his would-be capturer in the head. The Chief fell to the pavement, mortally wounded. Officer Young and several citizens assisted the wounded man into Ross & Co.'s drug store. He was afterward taken to the Good Samaritan Hospital, where he expired early on the following morning.

After having fired the fatal shot Shirk disappeared in the darkness. With his revolver still cocked he ran through the alleyway near the City Hotel. Entering



SHIRK ESCAPES THROUGH LEBANON.

Eckert Brothers' livery stable, he saddled a horse and mounting the animal he took the shortest cut to Eighth and Chestnut streets, and thence out into the country to Annville. Pulling up at Miller's Hotel, he watered his almost fagged-out animal and asked the landlord to cash a check for him. Upon being refused, Shirk resumed his course toward Hummelstown. On the road he met a farmer, who changed a twenty-dollar bill for him. Upon arriving in Hummelstown he visited several hotels, drinking at each place one or two glasses of whisky, and finally stopping in front of Albert Stecher's saddle shop. Here he attempted to dismount, when his foot caught in one of the stirrups and he was thrown into the gutter.

George Heckaman, who was standing near by, saw Shirk's predicament and assisted him to the ground and took his foot from the stirrup. Shirk then went into the shop and calling Mr. Stecher into a room in the rear he told him that he had shot Chief McCord. He then started to walk to the National Hotel followed by Heckaman who had mounted his horse.

In the meantime the authorities of Lebanon, Pa., had sent telegrams broadcast, notifying the surrounding country of Shirk's act, and asking for his apprehension. The citizens of Hummelstown were thus placed on the qui vive.

When Shirk reached the National Hotel he walked

into the barroom, where he was immediately recognized by E. M. Hoffer, the proprietor. Mr. Hoffer stepped in front of Shirk and catching hold of his overcoat collar said: "You are just the man I want."

Quick as a flash Shirk whipped out a revolver with the threat that he would kill the first man that laid hands on him. W. F. Shoemaker, a liveryman, was close behind Shirk and realizing at a glance Mr. Hoffer's danger, he grabbed the weapon from Shirk and threw him



A CONFLICT OF AUTHORITY.

on the floor before he could fulfill his murderous threat. Several lookers-on went to Shoemaker's assistance and helped him hold the murderer, who was struggling to free himself, until the arrival of Constable Manbeck.

Shirk was manacled by the officer and placed on a chair in the barroom. The following telegram was then forwarded to the authorities of Lebanon:

HUMMELSTOWN, March 28, 1890.

Chief of Police, Lebanon, Pa.:—Have Shirk in the clutches at Hoffer's Hotel. Send police at once.

P. H. SKITZER.

Upon the receipt of the message it was handed over to Mayor Weimer, who placed it in the hands of County Detective Gates. That officer then went before Alderman Garrett and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Shirk, charging him with the murder of Chief of Police McCord. Officers Gates, Sattizahn and Lohr, and several of Shirk's companions left on the 10:58 train for Hummelstown.

At Palmyra the station agent notified the officers that he had received word from Hummelstown that the murderer had been arrested there. When the train reached Hummelstown, the station and vicinity



MRS. McCORD'S GRIEF.

was crowded with men and boys anxious to catch a glimpse of the Lebanon officers. Marshalled by the plucky little county detective the officers hurried to the hotel where the murderer had been detained.

Shirk was found sitting in the barroom surrounded by a large crowd of men and boys to whom he was talking freely about the horrible crime he had committed a few hours previous. He was handcuffed and his head was bent so low that it almost touched his knees.

Pushing their way through the crowd the officers reached Shirk's side and Constable Sattizahn caught him by his right shoulder and said in serious tones: "Andy, I have a warrant here for your arrest. You are charged with murder. Sit up until I read it to you."

Shirk was surly and refused to listen. Then followed a conflict of authorities. The Lebanon officers asked for his delivery, but the Hummelstown officers refused to give the prisoner up to them. A compromise was finally effected, and the prisoner was returned to Lebanon where he was locked up.

When questioned as to the cause of the shooting, Shirk, in maudlin tones, mumbled that he thought Chief McCord intended to shoot him, and that he had



SHIRK IN HIS CELL.

pulled first. He was too drunk, however, to fully realize his position, and alternately cried and laughed, threatened to fight everybody near him, and made light of his act, assuring those about him that "they'd

YOU SHOULD HAVE OUR NEW SPORTING GOODS CATALOGUE.—Send a two-cent stamp to cover postage for catalogue of sporting goods, portraits and all articles used by sportsmen. Address Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.

never stretch his neck with a rope," intimating, the next instant, that "all they could give him would be eighteen years."

On the following day, a jury composed of Messrs. Ray Boughter, Charles S. Atkins, C. W. Carmany, Henry Haber, Abraham Herr and John H. Oswald was empanelled.

Officer Young, F. A. Brenner, Harry Leigfreid, Drs. A. B. Gloninger and John Reineohel, and George Weiss testified to the facts as published above. The jury then rendered the following verdict: "That the said Aaron McCord came to his death on the 27th day of March, 1890, by a bullet wound from a pistol in the hands of Andrew L. Shirk."

Shirk is a native of Carlisle, Pa., where his father owns a coach shop. His mother has been dead for many years. Shirk has always been a desperate character and has frequently been before the courts. He served several imprisonments, one being for larceny of pulleys and the other for keeping a gambling place on South Eighth street. He visited the Keystone House, Columbia, Central and other places during the evening of the shooting, drinking frequently.

On Thursday afternoon Shirk told some of his friends that he was looking for Aaron, alias "Swab" Haines and that if he met him he "would put a ball in him." Haines heard of the threat and kept himself hid. Shirk is a butcher by trade, and did a good business on South Eighth street near Walnut. He has a wife and one child. Much sympathy is felt for the murderer's family.

The murdered officer was a policeman for nine years and had but recently been appointed chief. He was regarded as one of the best officers of the force, and served as sergeant under Chief of Police Mark. He served in the late rebellion and leaves a widow, one daughter, who is married and resides in New Jersey, and two sons. He was a member of Lebanon Valley Castle, No. 6, Knights of Mystic Chain, and the Uniform Rank of the same order. He was forty-one years of age.

THE CALIFORNIA WONDER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We present to the half million or more readers of the POLICE GAZETTE this week the first portrait of James John Corbett, the California Wonder, in full fighting rig, ever published. It was photographed especially for the POLICE GAZETTE. Corbett was born in San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 1, 1866, of Irish parents. His mother is a native of Dublin and his father of County Mayo, Ireland. Mr. Corbett is at present a well known business man in San Francisco.

James J. Corbett stands 6 feet 1½ inches in height, and weighs 185 pounds stripped. He was formerly a clerk in the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, which position he held for a number of years, and while there he became a member of the Olympic Club, where he developed into a first-class boxer, and was persuaded to resign his position to accept the office of boxing professor of the Olympic Club, which position he now holds, being still under contract for one year. Corbett is a married man and of the most temperate habits. He dresses in the latest style and his associates are always of the best. He has the honor of being the only pugilist who has ever been afforded the entire and privileges of the New York Athletic Club. Corbett has engaged in many prize ring encounters. During the time he was an amateur he defeated fifteen opponents. He beat Jim Dwyer in 2 rounds; Frank Smith, 3 rounds; J. Choyinski in 1 round, 2 minutes; Tom Johnson, 4 rounds; Joe Cohnisky, 2 rounds; John Atchinson, 2 rounds; Pete Hayes, 5 rounds; Joe Cohnisky, 4 rounds; Mike Brennan, 3 rounds; Frank Glover, 4 rounds; Capt. Daly, 2 rounds, and Prof. Wm. Miller, of Australia in 6 rounds. Corbett's greatest battle was his last contest with Joe Choyinski.

After 5 rounds had been fought the sheriff stopped the battle. Corbett had broken his right hand but he met Choyinski six days later, and won in 27 rounds. Corbett's last victory was his defeat of Jake Kilrain in a 6-round glove contest at New Orleans, La., Feb. 17, 1890. Since Corbett's arrival in New York he has made the POLICE GAZETTE office his headquarters.

ED SMITH KNOCKS MIKE CLEARY OUT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The long-pending glove fight, for a purse of \$1,000, between Ed Smith, the middle-weight champion of Colorado, and Mike Cleary of New York, who seconded John L. Sullivan at Richburg, Miss., when the latter fought Jake Kilrain for \$20,000, the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the championship of the world, was decided at Hot Springs, Ark., on April 3. Owing to the reputation of both men as pugilists, there was more than the usual interest manifested over the contest. Smith trained specially for the encounter and his friends backed him heavily, but Muldoon and the New York party who were present backed Cleary heavily on his previous reputation, he having fought Kilrain, Mitchell, Jack Burke and other famous prize ring experts. A tremendous crowd assembled to witness the contest and Cleary was the favorite, although Smith looked "as hard as nails."

After a variety boxing show the men entered the ring and the battle began. Smith forced matters from the start, and made several vicious swings to land his right on Cleary's jugular, but without success. Cleary measured his opponent and fought wary, but the Colorado champion evaded his rushing tactics. Sharp fighting followed for a few seconds, when Smith landed a straight left-hander on Cleary's nose, which staggered him, and then, following up his advantage, he landed a terrific right-hand blow on Cleary's left ear, knocking him down, amid tremendous excitement. The ten seconds allowed by the "Police Gazette" rules for a pugilist to come to time had expired when Cleary still "lay out," and Smith was declared the winner.

A SPORTING JOURNALIST.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

An excellent portrait of W. W. Naughton appears elsewhere. Mr. Naughton is well-known throughout Australia and California as a sporting writer. For four years he held the position of sporting editor of the San Francisco Chronicle. It was on the advice of Naughton that Peter Jackson, the celebrated colored pugilist, came to America. When Jackson went to England to fight Jim Smith, Naughton accompanied him.

A FAMOUS SPORTING MAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page we present the portrait of Geo. E. Kent, the recognized leader of Minneapolis sporting men. His place, "The Drum," is patronized by all the best sporting and business men of the Flour City. George is an intimate acquaintance of some of the leading pugilists of the country, and Billy Madden and Jack McAniff made "The Drum" their headquarters while in that city.

IT HAS JUST ARRIVED.

The Baseball Season is Here and the "Police Gazette" will do itself proud on the Subject this Year.

It's here!

What?

Why the baseball season, to be sure! It arrived with the first robin or, at least, our boys, who went South to limber up their muscles brought the robin on with them.

The boys met with a happy and hearty reception 'way down South in Dixie, and returned brown as the legendary berry and loaded for bear.

The fight between the League and the Brotherhood promises to keep things lively until the robin returns to its winter quarters; and verbal gore will paint the zenith and horizon a sundown color from now until the close of the season.

The latest shot fired between the two armies ricocheted along the line during the week, when Jim Mutrie, of the League, dared Buck Ewing, of the Players, to come out and put him out. The gallant Jim dared the equally gallant Buck to match teams for fun or a boodle, and offered to play the League nine against the Players' nine for almost anything, on Central Park or anywhere else. Buck didn't scare, saw the blind and raised it. He quietly remarked that he'd take seven of his men, pit them against Jim's nine, ten or eleven, and wipe up Central Park and half of the annexed district with them.

I predict that there won't be any game between the warriors. There is a clause in the National agreement prohibiting any such circus, and, besides, President Day has side-tracked the scheme.

It's going to be a lively season, allee samee, as we remark in Hong Kong. There is a large, deep red blotch on the face of Luna, and the braves are sharpening their hatchets and producing their carnage fluid.

It's going to be a wild, whoop-la race for the respective pennants of the League, Players, American, Western and other associations, and the millions of readers of the POLICE GAZETTE who are patrons of the national game will hold their breaths, applaud until they raise gumballs on their hands and feet, and yell until they'll turn themselves almost inside outside and show their red flannel linings.

Baseball hasn't lost its grip on the land of the free and the home of the baseball crank, by the most elongated kind of a long shot. This assertion was proven during the week when the Boston and Brooklyn went at each other in the Hub. Tens of thousands of lovers of the game obtained admission to the grounds, while other tens of thousands went home disappointed because they couldn't get through the gateways, climb the fences or crawl through the knot-holes.

That looks like business, and you can hear our wild, weird, uncanny, chilly guffaw.

The same state of things exists all over the land.

In Brooklyn, President Byrne's dandies had a couple of bouts with the Yale College boys, and gave them a few pointers in leather hunting and ash swinging.

At the new player's grounds near old East New York, the whack of the hammer and the squeak of the saw keeps the natives gritting their teeth by day and ejaculating unorthodox ejaculations by night because of the fact that Capt. Johnny Ward is erecting the paraphernalia of a field second to none in the country.

Gentle, or otherwise, baseball crank and rooter tack the fact in your cady that this season is going to be a large, plethoric, fecund one. Just wait until Old Sol mops up the dampness a bit, and then you'll witness sights that will warm your souls and soles.

The POLICE GAZETTE is going to outdo itself this year in its baseball columns, and will, from week to week, while the season lasts, give the chaffiest, newswiest, jumpiest, spiciest gossip of the diamond in all parts of the country, North, South, East, West and everywhere else that was ever dished up in the columns of this go-ahead, dern the expense, get-there-anyhow journal.

That's our miniature piece, and we know our little book.

"PLAY BALL."

LUCKY NEW YORKERS.

Several Patrons of the Louisiana State Lottery Strike Big Prizes.

Several New Yorkers won prizes in the March drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. Max Pause, the well-known cafe-keeper of 45 Exchange place, and former caterer of the New York Press Club, bought one-twentieth of ticket No. 10,122, which drew the third capital prize of \$50,000. Associated in partnership with him in the purchase of the ticket were Dennis Baney, a young man employed in a broker's office at 2 Wall street, and George Richards, an Englishman, who runs the elevator in the building at 51 Exchange place. Pause, Baney and Richards have been buying Louisiana State Lottery tickets in partnership for some time. They have spent probably \$25 altogether in this way, and, having won \$2,500 in this month's drawing, their investment has been rather profitable. "Oh! yes. It is true," said Mr. Pause to a News reporter, "that we had one-twentieth of a ticket which won the third capital prize in The Louisiana State Lottery. I had, in fact," Max continued, "two-twentieths of the ticket, but I gave the second twentieth to a friend of mine and he got the whole amount of his one-twentieth, \$2,500."

The owner of the entire twentieth was Mr. F. Lind, a bookkeeper for Aisel & Co., 51 Exchange Place. Mr. Lind, who is well known among downtown brokers, admitted to a News reporter that he had won \$2,500 in The Louisiana State Lottery, and seemed quite proud of it.

Messrs. Tisch & Greisen, machinists and pattern makers, 142 Centre street, held one twentieth of ticket No. 26,354, which won \$25,000. Messrs. Tisch & Greisen got \$1,250, minus express charges, as their share.—New York Daily News, March 28.

A FAMOUS POLO TEAM.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Friends and lovers of polo will recognize, on another page, an excellent portrait of the Muncie, Indiana, polo team. The team has, by hard work and good playing, been declared champions of the West. On April 14 they will begin a series of five games with the Bridgeport, Conn., polo team, whose are champions of the East. The contest will be for the championship of the United States and a purse of \$200. The members of the Muncie club are as follows: Captain, Kirk, Widemyer, goal tender; Beeson, second rush; Maddy, substitute; Wolf, goal cover; Buchanan, first rush, and T. J. Lockwood, manager.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION! READ THE complete history of the murder of young Fred Russell in the woods of Canada. All the incidents fully illustrated, with portrait of Mrs. Birchell. Send 25 cents to POLICE GAZETTE office.



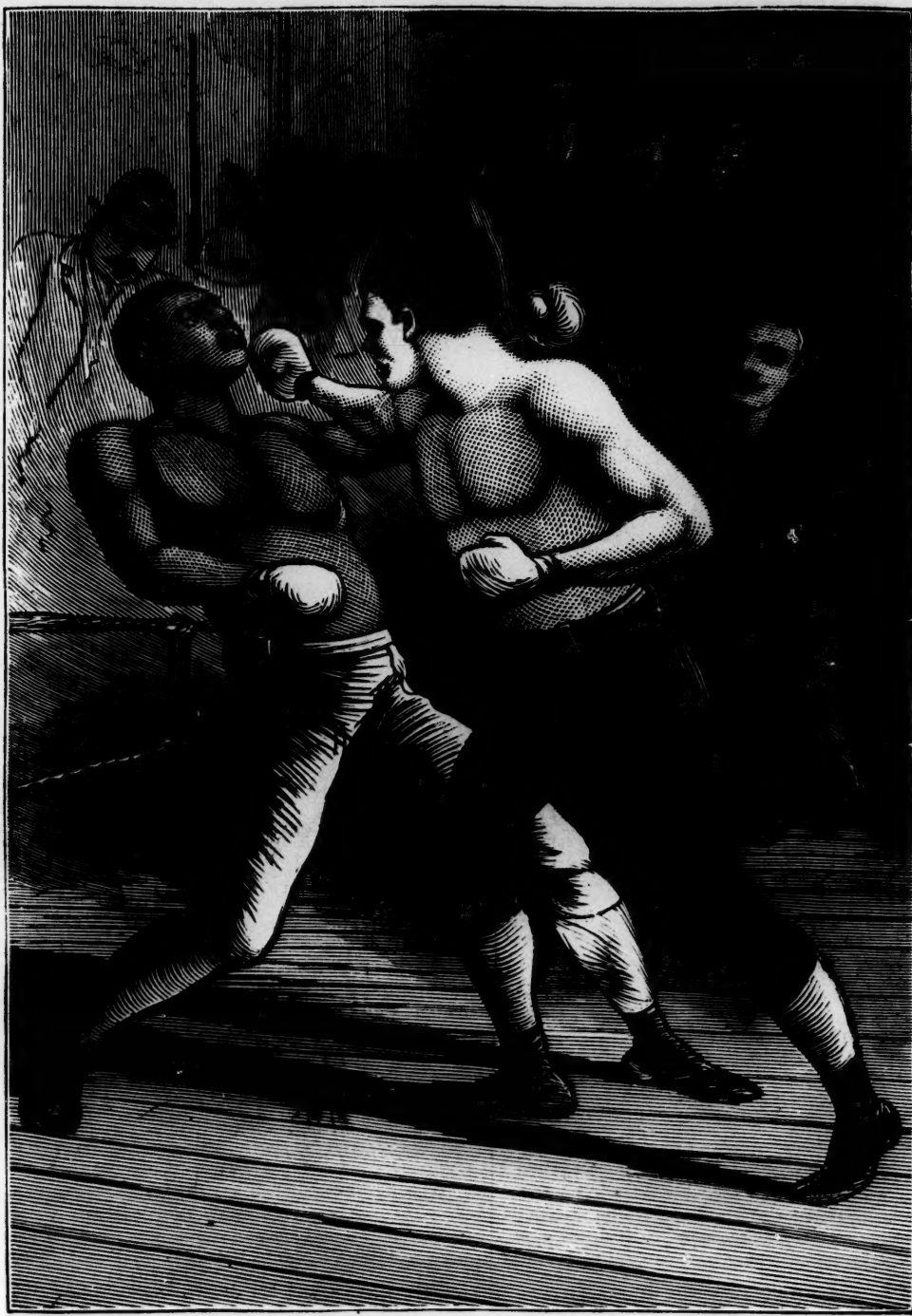
HIS BRAIN WAS ALL RIGHT.

LAWYER FRANK H. COLLIER OF CHICAGO CREATES EXCITEMENT BEHIND THE SCENES IN A KANSAS CITY THEATRE.



A HOSTILE NIECE.

MRS. ANNIE GOLDSBY, OF LUCY, TENN., MAKES AN ATTEMPT TO KILL HER UNCLE, GIBB WILLIAMS, IN A MEMPHIS BOOK STORE.



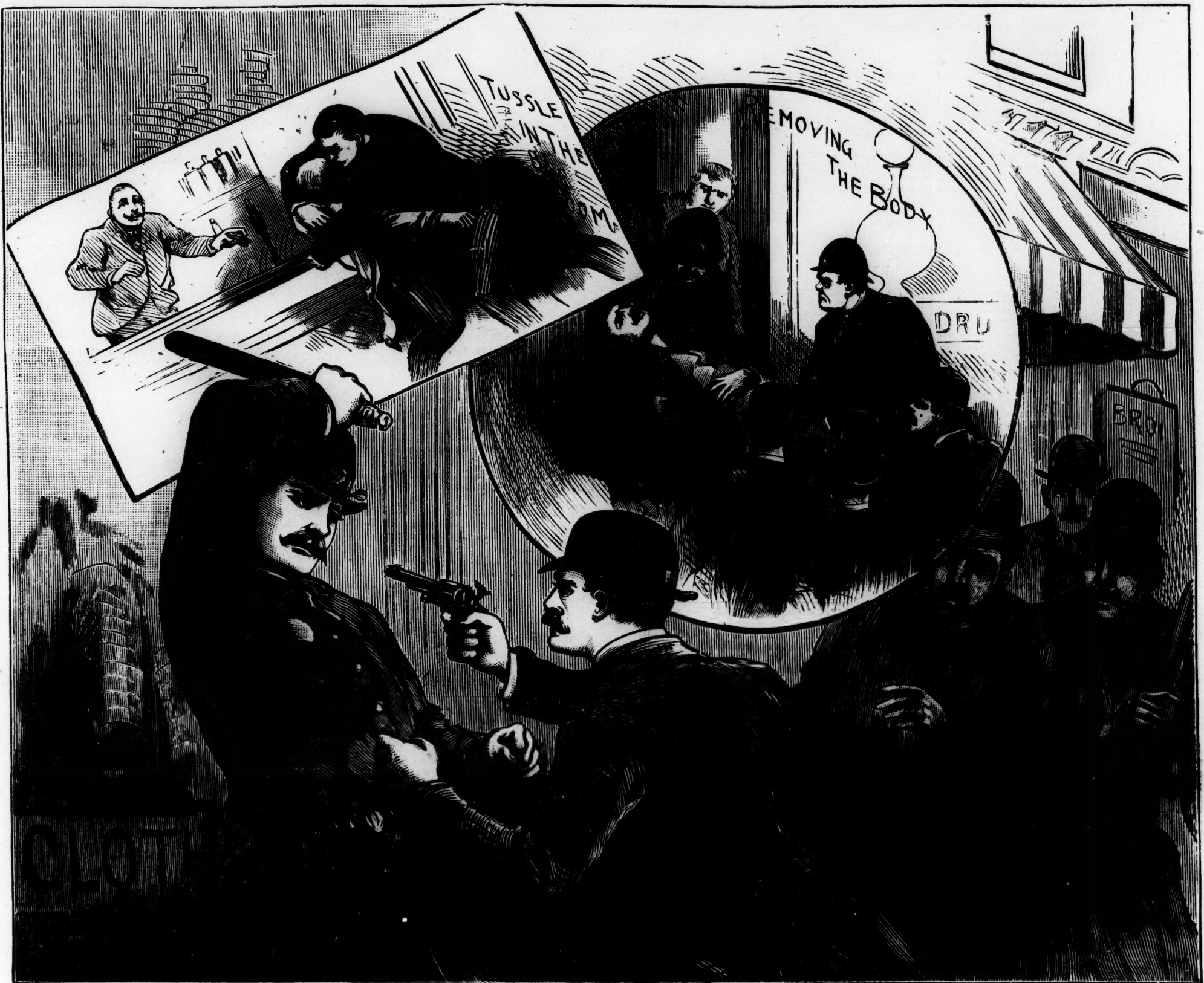
McCARTHY WALLOPS DIXON.

A BOXING MATCH IN THE SOUTHWARK ATHLETIC CLUB, PHILADELPHIA, WHICH ASTONISHED GEORGE'S AS WELL AS MATT'S FRIENDS.



A RACE FOR A BRIDE.

TWO LOVERS OF MISS LUCINDA SNYDER OF MOGADORE, O., OBTAIN MARRIAGE LICENSES AND SCOOT FOR HER HOME.



THE MURDER OF CHIEF AARON McCORD.

THE HEAD OF THE LEBANON, PA., POLICE FORCE ASSASSINATED ON A PUBLIC STREET BY ANDREW L. SHIRK.

OUR FIGHTERS AWAKE.
An International Contest in London.
NUMEROUS MILLS DESCRIBED.

JOE TANSEY KNOCKS AL BURKE SILLY.
The POLICE GAZETTE correspondent at Vicksburg writes that Joe Tansey, of St. Louis, and Al Burke, the champion of Texas, fought in the Opera House in that city recently, for a purse of \$500. Tansey weighed 175 pounds, Burke 145 pounds. Dave Winsten was chosen referee. John Walsh, timekeeper for Tansey, and William Busselman, timekeeper for Burke. "Police Gazette" rules governed and 4-ounce gloves were used. Tansey gained first blood in the second round, and in the fourth Burke opened a deep gash over Tansey's right eye with his left. Tansey returned the compliment by knocking Burke clean off his pins, amid the cheers of the crowd. The fighting was desperate in the fifth round, and Burke was again knocked down by a swinging blow on the chin. In the sixth round, Burke displayed great gameness in continuing to fight up hill against an opponent who had the advantage in weight by over 20 pounds. In the seventh round Tansey fought Burke to a standstill and knocked him down twice, and when he regained his feet Tansey again set him down. Time was counted and Burke was too groggy to respond and the fight was over.
Burke was overmatched in this contest, as Tansey was 8 inches taller. In place of Tansey being rated as a light heavy-weight he goes for a lightweight. Burke is better scioned than Tansey and your correspondent thinks if Burke had not been indisposed he would have given Tansey a tighter fight.

HARRY DOWNIE AND ALF BALL DRAW.
The international glove fight between Harry Downie, the middle-weight champion of Australia, and Alf Ball, of Deptford, Eng., for £200 (\$1,000) was decided under the auspices of the Ormonde Club, London, on March 17. The match was arranged in London on Jan. 24, when articles were signed for the men to fight 10 rounds with gloves, at 11 stone 4 pounds, for £100 a side, and it was agreed that if neither man was knocked out the stakes and gate money should be divided. B. J. Anglo was referee; Jack Baldoek and Jimmy Carney seconded Downie, while Dan McGinnon and Joe Ball seconded Ball. Among the crowd present were Michael Taylor, Joe and Barney Thompson, W. Kneave, T. Harris, Messrs. Ellison, Guthrie, Bingham and Burt, of the Pelican Club; Jim Mace, Paddy Mace, Frank Carow, Alf Mitchell, Sam Blacklock, George Camp, Tom Blackman, Bob and Sam Blandford, Frank Hinde, Elijah and Joe Ball, Jim Howes, Harry Bull, George Bagnell, Ben Phillips, Jack Nanson, Donald King, Ted Ansell, Joe Pfah, Harris, David Moss, Benjamin H. Cooper, J. W. Smith, J. Barker, Rieuzi Hillier, Tom Noble, the diver; E. Hart, Jr., Tom Allen, Toddy Bailey, E. White, W. Schlösser, etc. Seats were £1 each. The battle was a slashing one while it lasted. Ball had the advantage in height and length of reach, but the Australian had the advantage in weight.
Downie demonstrated the fact that he could take and also administer punishment—to sum up briefly, is more of a fighter than a boxer. As full details of the mill are appended, it is hardly worth journeying over the course twice. During the first round but little was done, and coming up for the second time Alf led off, but was heavily countered by the visitor, and at the close of the round several offers were made at £10 to £8. Alf, as before, came to the scratch the quicker in the ensuing round, and laded out an immense amount of punishment, which Downie deserved at times for bringing his head so forward. The latter, however, was as strong as a lion, and repeatedly got home telling blows. Both were evidently on the job and went at it in hammer and tong style to such an extent that when going to their corners for the sixth time Harry Ball offered to take £20 to £10 that no one named the winner. The eighth round was decidedly in favor of Ball, whilst in the ninth Downie not only obtained "first blood," but had he followed his man up would have secured the victory by getting his man out. This, however, was not to be, and when the stipulated number of rounds had been reeled off, the affair resulted in a draw. Downie will undoubtedly be heard of again, and should frame better with nature's weapons than with the gloves.

SOME LIVELY BOXING IN NEWARK, N. J.
The boxing tournament of the Mohican Athletic Club at Newark, N. J., on March 31, attracted a large crowd. The first bout was between Tom McCarthy of the Scottish-American Athletic Club and W. J. Hengel of the Essex A. C., in the 115-pound class. McCarthy knocked Hengel out. Billy Sachs, of the West End Club, then defeated Jack Ford, of the Kearney Athletic Club. M. J. Madden, of the Mohican A. C., and M. Hinson, of the Ashland A. C., were the concluding pair in the 115-pound class, and Hinson got the decision. In the final bouts of the 115-pound class, Tom McCarthy was beaten by M. Hinson. The latter and Billy Sachs then contended, and Hinson defeated him and won the competition.
In the 145-pound class, Closterman drew the bye in the finals. Kennedy then refused to meet Lowmy, and the latter in turn acted likewise toward C. Closterman, who then sparred a bout with Pat Cahill, the ex-champion amateur middle-weight. It was this that pleased the spectators more than anything else during the evening, and they went away well satisfied. Hand-some gold medals were awarded the winners of each class.

WISCONSIN SPORTS WITNESS A MILL.
Vermillion, Wis., sports made up a purse of \$300 for a fight on April 5, between a 200-pound woodman, a great rough-and-tumble fighter, named Peck, and a teacher of boxing known as Cowboy Wilson. The fight was to a finish, Marquis of Queensberry rules governing. The men were more vicious than scientific, but both were game and earnest from the start. Peck took the offensive side and punched Wilson severely about the head and shoulders.
In the third round Wilson received a knockout blow and the fight was delayed two or three minutes to allow him to recover. He begged to be allowed to quit, but his backers wouldn't hear of it, and he resumed the battle. It was as if he were with him and he indulged in a dozen fierce rushes during the next three rounds. He couldn't hurt Peck, however, and in the seventh round the latter got in a body blow and won the purse. Wilson was unconscious for half an hour and it is feared he is injured internally.

OTHER IMPORTANT MILLS.
On March 28 there was a well-contested mill between Jack Lawrence of Detroit and Charley Johnson of Minneapolis, at the Audubon Club, New Orleans, La., for a purse of \$600. "Police Gazette" rules governed. Eighteen rounds were fought in 1 hour 10 minutes, when Johnson knocked out his opponent. The battle was well-contested, and the sport-loving members of the Audubon Athletic Club were well satisfied.
A merrie mill was fought at Waterbury, Conn., on March 26, between Ed. McDonald (Jack Dempsey's first opponent in the prize ring), and Dan Walker, a pugilist hitherto unknown to fame. The conditions were "Police Gazette" rules, skin gloves, for a purse of \$200 and the gate money. The fight was a desperate one, and McDonald was receiver-general up to the ninth round, when he punished Walker terribly. In the tenth round McDonald forced the fighting and knocked Walker out and was declared the winner. The battle lasted 38 minutes.
Jimmy Lynch, the well-known pugilist, who is a favorite at the Clifton and Gutterburg, N. J., race tracks, has been matched off to fight Paddy McBride, of Philadelphia, ten rounds for \$250 a side and a guaranteed purse. Lynch has fought many battles and has never been defeated. His fighting weight is 122 pounds. McBride is also a hard hitter, and the battle will be worth looking at.
John McTiernan, of the Peerless Athletic Club, and Harry Rivers of the National Athletic Club, fought ten rounds for a

gold watch valued at \$100 at the National Athletic Club, Brooklyn, on March 27. McTiernan won the contest which was a tame affair considering the valuable prize offered by the National Athletic Club.
Phil Davies and Joe Schultz, two well known pugilists, fought at Denver, Col., on March 2, according to go-as-you-please rules. After the men faced each other they began scratching and biting. Schultz caught Davies' left ear in his mouth, and when his teeth met the blood spouted. Davies then savagely seized Schultz's nose and closed down like a bull dog, and the crimson flew over both. Davies locked his arms around Schultz's neck in such a way that the latter grew livid in the face. The referee then pulled the men apart, but to all appearances too late, as it seemed as if Schultz had been choked to death. The senseless boy was rolled and water dashed over him, while spirits were vigorously applied. It was only after an hour and a half hard work that the inanimate form showed life, and Schultz came to.
In the Jester Athletic Club at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on March 31, Jim Jackson and Dan O'Donnell fought according to "Police Gazette" rules for a purse. O'Donnell started in aggressively, knocking his man down in the first round, and drawing blood in the second. During the rest of the fight Jackson was the best man. He knocked his opponent all over the ring. In the eleventh round O'Donnell was sent sprawling on his back. It is alleged Jackson struck him while down. Foul was claimed, but not allowed. O'Donnell refused to go on with the fight, and Jackson was declared the winner.
At St. Paul, Minn., on April 2, Tom Cummings and Frank Callahan fought according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$100. Cummings weighed 152 pounds, Callahan 152 pounds. Nineteen rounds were fought in 1 hour 15 minutes, when Cummings won.
When the Brockton Athletic Club held its first meeting this year Joe Flaherty, of Lowell, and the Black Spider (Bob Green), of Boston, were engaged in a very lively act-to with 4-ounce gloves when the police smashed in the window and stopped the fun. They met again. It took 13 rounds to decide the contest, and was won by Green.
At the Providence Athletic Club on April 1 a rattling glove contest took place. George Scott and Henry Woodmansee, heavy-weights and amateurs, went at each other with fury in each eye. In 20 seconds both men went to their corners, and the second round was so fast that they again sat down in 30 seconds. The third round was a knock-out for Scott, after a fusillade from both sides, in 2 minutes and some few seconds.
Jim Godfrey and Ed. Benney fought 12 rounds in 47 minutes in the Bay State Athletic Club, Boston, on April 2, for a trophy. The contest ended in a draw.

ATHLETIC MILITIAMEN.
The Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., held their games in this city on April 5. The following are the winners:
Ninety-three yards' run (scratch)—H. H. Voorhees, Co. K (10 2-5 seconds).
One thousand-yards' run (handicap)—W. H. Moore, Co. J (15 yards) in 2 minutes 33 4-5 seconds.
One-mile bicycle race (scratch)—W. D. Edwards, Co. F (by one yard), 3 minutes 18 1-5 seconds.
Two hundred and twenty-yards' run (handicap)—G. E. Dunscomb, Co. H, 25 3-5 seconds.
Half-mile walk (handicap)—C. E. Miller, Co. D (20 seconds) in 3 minutes and 45 seconds.
Sack race (scratch), 50 yards—J. N. Westlake, Co. E, in 8 1-5 seconds.
Three-mile invitation bicycle race (scratch)—A. B. Rich, B. A. C., in 10 minutes 2 3-5 seconds.
Four hundred and forty-yards' run (handicap)—F. H. Cray, Co. H (15 yards) in 55 1-5 seconds.
Potato race (10 potatoes 2 yards apart)—C. L. Jaquelin, Co. G, in 46 seconds.
Two hundred and twenty-nine yards' hurdle race (handicap)—A. A. Jordan, Co. C, scratch.
Half-mile run (scratch)—F. H. Hoyt, Co. H, in 2 minutes and 10 2-5 seconds.
Wheelbarrow race (handicap), distance 352 yards—F. H. Cray, Co. H (2 yards), in 54 1-5 seconds.
Half-mile roller skating race (handicap)—By C. F. Burhaus, Co. B (scratch), in 2 minutes 2 3-5 seconds.
Three-legged race (handicap), distance 175 yards—C. S. Busse, Co. F, and G. H. DeWitt; time, 24 1-2 seconds—best in the army.
Inter-company tug-of-war—Final trial between Companies A and F.—Won by F by 3 1-2 inches.
Putting the 16 pound shot (handicap)—C. A. J. Queckbörner, Co. A (scratch), with a throw of 38 feet 10 1-2 inches.
Running high jump (handicap)—H. C. Jones, Co. G (5 inches), with an actual jump of 5 feet 1 inch.
Two-mile bicycle race (handicap)—W. C. Barker, Co. F (100 yards), in 6 minutes 20 2-5 seconds.
Team race (scratch), four laps—Co. K, with A. W. S. Cochran, P. R. Irving and H. L. Bloomfield.
The following are the winners of the athletic games of the Thirtieth Regiment, of Brooklyn, held on April 6:
Fifty Yards Dash (Handicap)—Won by W. P. Belknap, of Lawrenceville, N. J. (9 feet); H. Thompson second, Gus Rigoulet third. Time 25 1-2 seconds.
One Thousand Yards Run (Handicap)—Won by James Reed, American A. C. (25 yards); T. F. Maloney second, E. Hjerstedt third. Time, 2 minutes 25 4-5 seconds.
Three Hundred Yards Dash (Handicap)—Won by S. B. B. Wiles, Esna A. C. (14 yards); H. W. Beckle second, G. S. Jackson third. Time, 35 3-5 seconds.
One Mile and a Half Walk (Handicap)—Won by C. E. Nicols, Prospect Harriers (55 seconds); F. W. Allen second, E. D. Lango third. Time, 11 minutes 45 1-2 seconds.
One Mile and Half Run (Handicap)—Won by W. T. Young, Manhattan A. C. (50 yards); W. Day second, W. W. Kihiko third. Time, 7 minutes 3 2-5 seconds.

MEETING OF THE PURITAN ATHLETIC CLUB.
The Puritan Athletic Club held an important meeting recently. Among the members present were Gus Tuthill, formerly Jack Dempsey's backer; Frank Stevenson, Frank Brill, Francis Carroll, George E. Bulmer and William E. Harding. After considerable discussion it was decided that the election of officers should take place on April 24. It was also decided not to elect any new members. George E. Bulmer proposed that Richard K. Fox should be requested to inform Tuff Wall, the middle-weight champion of England, that the club had decided to offer a purse of \$1,800 for a boxing contest between Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion of America, and Tuff Wall, and that the club would allow Wall \$250 for expenses. The club, at their next meeting, will probably offer a \$1,000 purse for George Dixon and Cal McCarthy to contend for, according to "Police Gazette" rules. Numerous letters were received from parties eager to join, and communications were also received from Anstin Gibbons and Mike Cushing, which stated that they had agreed to accept the offer of the club to put up a purse of \$1,000 for them to contend for. At the next meeting of the organization a date may probably be settled upon and contracts signed.
It was also decided that the members of the club put up a purse of \$20,000 for a match with gloves between John L. Sullivan and Peter Jackson. The purse to be deposited with Richard K. Fox, and the contest to take place three months from signing articles.
The club will also give a purse of \$5,000 for Joe McAuliffe and John L. Sullivan to contend for.
GEORGE E. BULMER, FRANK STEVENSON,
FRANK BRILL, FRANK CARROLL,
GEORGE M. BURKE, WILLIAM E. HARDING,
Committee Puritan Athletic Club, Long Island City.

MULTUM IN PARVO.
Our Purchasing Department is continually receiving letters similar to the following:
NORTH RUNFORD, Me., March 29.
To the Police Gazette Purchasing Department—I received the banjo you so kindly purchased for me last night. Found it all right and as represented. Am very much pleased with it.
Very truly yours, WILLIAM H. MERRILL.
THE THRILLING HISTORY OF THE COWARDLY MURDER of young Fred C. Benwell, in the Canadian woods, after being enticed from England. Profusely illustrated. Send 25 cents to POLICE GAZETTE office, New York.

GENERAL SPORTING.
News from Everywhere You May Name.
CABLEGRAMS AND TELEGRAMS

The following special cables were received at this office during the week:
LONDON, April 1.
The prize fight between Bill Baxter and Fred Johnston for £200 and the 9 stone 6 pound championship of England, was decided in the Pelican Club to-day. Six rounds were fought in 22 minutes, when Baxter's seconds claimed foul, which was allowed by the referee. Baxter was favorite at 6 to 4, and would, no doubt, have won.
At a meeting of the Pelican Club Ernest C. Wells moved that "if George Dixon would agree to fight Nunc Wallace for the 'Police Gazette' championship belt and feather-weight championship of the world, the Pelican Club should not be outdone by the Ormonde Club in offering purses." It was then decided to offer a purse of £400 for Dixon and Wallace to fight for, and to allow Dixon £100 for expenses. Secretary was notified to cable Richard K. Fox of the club's action. ATKINSON.
LONDON, April 2.
The trial of Charley Mitchell, the champion pugilist of England, for assaulting Bill Goode, came up in the Marlborough street police station to-day, and attracted a tremendous crowd. Among those present were "Pony" Moore, Eugene Stratton, Mr. Abington, Duke of Manchester, Ernest C. Wells, Lord de Cliffor, Charley White, Charley Bates, Arthur Cooper and Johnny O'Neill. Great interest was manifested, and bookies bet odds that Mitchell would be fully committed. Chesterfield Goode and Cockburn, whom Mitchell also assaulted, pressed the case, but after the evidence of Abington and Mitchell had been heard, the pugilist was discharged amid great cheering. ATKINSON.
LONDON, April 4.
At a meeting of the Ormonde Club to-day, members unanimously voted to give purse of £500 for contest between Nunc Wallace, feather-weight champion, and George Dixon, to fight, the contest to be for "Police Gazette" feather-weight championship belt and the championship of the world. The club will allow Dixon £100 for expenses. TEMPLE, Ormonde Club.

Hugh W. Colender, the veteran billiard player, died in New York on April 1.
William I. Vanderbilt's stables at Oakdale, L. I., are completed. Cost \$400,000.
At the recent Louisville, Ky., disaster, Chas. E. Davies and Peter Jackson had a narrow escape.
The Vermont Legislature has passed a law making the penalty \$500 for any one betting on a horse race.
The Olympic Athletic Club, of San Francisco, has given James John Corbett the privilege of boxing John L. Sullivan.
The date of the Charley Turner and Denny Keller fight, at the Golden Gate Club, has been advanced to April 16.
Tom White of Chicago and Billy Brennan have signed articles to fight in May in Chicago, at 128 pounds, for \$300 a side.
Richard K. Fox's publishing house and machinery occupy more space than any of its kind in America.—The Sun, Caldwell, O.
Patsy Cardiff, the St. Paul heavy-weight, and George Godfrey battle for a \$1,000 purse in the Farnell Athletic Club on April 14.
The Dayton, Ohio, Athletic Club have arranged a glove fight between Jack Bolan of Cincinnati and Billy Corcoran of Pittsburgh.
"Father" Wm. C. Daly's race horse, King William, won a race at Gutterburg race track on April 1. The odds were 40 to 1 against him.
A Cockburn's aged bay horse Jersey won the Nottingham Spring Handicap of 500 sovereigns, at Nottingham, England, on April 1.
Richmond, Va., sports are in high glee, now that a bill has been passed to allow glove contests. Pugilism is booming and no mistake.
Tom O'Baldwin knocked Tom Connors out in 35 rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, at Lynnfield, Mass., on March 27. The battle lasted 2 hours 40 minutes.
Dave Leshey and Ben Dorsey, feather-weights, fought four rounds at Toronto, on March 29. Mike Burns, the referee, declared Leshey the winner.
George Dixon's backers have made an offer to arrange a match with Cal McCarthy to fight 6 to 10 rounds, the winner to take 75 per cent. of the receipts.
The National Athletic Club, a prominent amateur organization of Brooklyn, N. Y., at a recent meeting unanimously elected Richard K. Fox an honorary member.
Andy Bowen, of New Orleans, is training at Abita Springs, Fla., for his fight with Billy Myer, which will take place at the West End A. C., New Orleans, May 7. Myer is training at Buffalo.

In this city, on March 31, Judge Lawrence, of the Supreme Court, granted judgment dismissing, with costs, the complaint of the Metropolitan Exhibition Company against John M. Ward.
Eugene Hornbacher, whose portrait recently appeared in the POLICE GAZETTE, is matched to fight Pat Daly for \$200 a side at 116 pounds. The battle will be fought in New York.
The benefit tendered to Steve O'Donnell the well-known master of ceremonies, at the Old Bovey Theatre, this city, was a big success, and O'Donnell was presented with a gold watch and chain.
Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion, will soon be in New York. Dempsey is one of the most popular of the fistic brigade, and his many friends will make it warm for him when he returns.
Joe Choyanski, who recently defeated Billy Wilson, the colored pugilist, at San Francisco, and Jack Davis of Omaha, have been matched to fight for a purse of \$1,750 at the Occidental Athletic Club.
Harry Gilmore, the light-weight champion of Canada, is going to New Orleans to train. Andy Bowen for his great battle with Billy Myer. Bowen is training at Covington at present with Jimmy Connors.
J. S. Harriman defeated O. H. Miller, of Kokoma, in a 5-mile heel-and-toe walking match at Wabash, Ind., recently. Harriman's time was 40 minutes 9 seconds. Miller quit walking after having covered 3 miles.
The announced glove contest at the Southwark Athletic Club, Philadelphia, on March 30, between Dominick McCaffrey and Jim Daly, did not take place, owing to the police refusing to allow the pugilists to meet.
Billy Madden's combination, with Joe McAuliffe and Jack McAuliffe, appeared at San Jose on April 1. McAuliffe, the light-weight champion, met with a big reception when he exhibited the "Police Gazette" champion belt.
Peter Jackson's combination appeared at Battery B, Chicago, on March 29, under the management of Charles E. Davies. About 5,000 persons were present. Peter Jackson boxed with Jack Ashton and also with Tommy Chandler.
Edward Suckles, of White Plains, and Edward Cox, of New Rochelle, fought with skin gloves for the colored middle-weight championship of Westchester county and \$100 near Mount Vernon on April 1. Suckles knocked out Cox in the sixth round.

The baseball season will be an interesting one, and the struggle between the players of the Brotherhood and the National League will create no little interest. Which of the two rival organizations will make or break themselves November next will decide.
At St. Augustine, Fla., on April 2, Jake Gaudaur, of St. Louis, defeated Alber H. Hamm, George H. Hosmer and James Ten Eyck in a single-scull race of 3 miles and 1 mile. Hamm was second in the 3 mile race, Ten Eyck third. Hosmer came in second in the 1-mile race.
George M. Dickinson, the sporting editor of the New York World, is hustling with baseball players, and has made himself very popular. No wonder the New York World is bristling with baseball news and all the latest moves of the Brotherhood and League associations.
A special from Newport, Ky., says: "The first casualty of the baseball season occurred in a game at Bertie's summer resort, at this place, on March 31. John Miller and Robert Babcock quarreled over the umpire's decision, and Babcock fractured Miller's skull. Miller is not expected to live."
Abington, who is continually creating a sensation in sporting circles, especially among the pugilists in England, employs twelve trainers and owns a racing stable which costs him \$250,000 a year, and yet among his eighty-four race horses there is not one considered good enough to win the English Derby.
At the annual meeting of the New England Amateur Rowing Association at Boston, the offer of Richard K. Fox to give the association a championship trophy to be annually rowed for between members of the clubs belonging to the Association, was unanimously accepted. The trophy will be known as the Richard K. Fox championship trophy, representing the single-scull championship of the New England Amateur Rowing Association.
The 6-day go-as-you-please race, 10 hours a day, at Jacksonville, Fla., began on March 29 and ended on April 6, with Miss Du Bois winner with a record of 250 miles, 16 laps, and the Jacksonville girl second with 245 miles, 15 laps. Miss Phillips had 218 miles, 18 laps. The Jacksonville girl made a splendid showing for a first race, and closely pressed Miss Du Bois, who had walked in several races. Miss Phillips is only seventeen and did remarkably well.
The West End Rowing Club, of New Orleans, La., tendered Edward Hanan a big reception recently. Speaking of the world's championship, Hanan said he believed that O'Connor will defeat Kemp and Masterson, the Australians, and bring the championship back to America. If he does he will offer to row O'Connor for a purse of \$5,000, the "Police Gazette" championship cup and the championship of the world.
Johnny O'Neill's famous race horse The Rejected, won the Lincolnshire handicap. O'Neill is one of the most popular sporting men in London. At the time Jake Kilrain was in England Johnny O'Neill showed him every attention and he treats every sporting man in this country in a cordial manner, and cannot do too much for them. The news of The Rejected's victory was well received here because the owner is "one of the people."
The following special was received at this office recently from Harry McCoy, the well-known pugilist, of Peoria, Ill.: "Announce in the next issue of your paper that I am ready to fight Herman Frazier, the welter-weight champion of Litchfield, Kan., according to 'Police Gazette' rules, for \$500 a side. The Fort Madison, Iowa, Athletic Club agree to put up a \$500 purse for Frazier and myself to fight for. HARRY MCCOY, Middle-weight Champion of Illinois."
Frank Stevenson sent a letter to Jake Kilrain at Richmond, Miss., recently, asking the ex-champion if he would meet James Corbett of San Francisco or Joe McAuliffe, the "Frisco Giant," in a ten or fifteen round glove contest, "Police Gazette" rules, the winner to take the entire gate receipts, and a stake of \$2,500 a side. Stevenson informed Kilrain that if he would accept and name date he would arrange match, as both Corbett and McAuliffe were ready to meet him.
Dick Roche, Jack McAuliffe's backer, says that he will back Jake Schaefer at odds of \$5.00 to \$4.00 at any game on a billiard table except cushion errors. Roche also offers to back Schaefer for \$5,000 or \$10,000 against Slosson at cushion caroms, the game to extend over five nights' play. Roche further states that McAuliffe broke the thumb of his right hand early in the fight with Carroll; and he won easily because he out-classed Carroll. Billy Donohue the well-known jockey, won \$6,000 on McAuliffe at San Francisco. He has returned from the seat of war to train to ride 10 to 1 shots.
Paddy, the famous fighting dog from Belfast, Ireland, and Jack, of New York, fought for \$400 accordi- g to the "Police Gazette" revised dog fighting rules at Long Island City, on March 29. Paddy weighed 35 pounds, Jack 38 pounds. Betting was 100 to 75 on Paddy, and a large amount of money was wagered. After the battle had been in progress a short time Jack had Paddy down and at his mercy, and Paddy lay on the floor of the pit working his legs like an engine, when suddenly Jack let go his grip on the jaw of the prostrate brute and chewed his legs until they were broken. Jack finally attacked the dying dog and finished him. Nearly \$5,000 changed hands. Jack's left ear was badly torn, but he is otherwise unhurt.
Lee Cheney, of Bloomington, Ill., called at Richard K. Fox's office recently and left the following:
NEW YORK, April 5, 1890.
Having read in the POLICE GAZETTE that Charley Norton of Newark, N. J., the ex-champion light-weight pugilist of America, had issued a challenge to meet any light-weight in America, bar none, on behalf of Billy Myer I accept the challenge, and will meet Norton or his backer at Richard K. Fox's office, any day he names, to arrange a match to box for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. Myer will agree to meet Norton in the Puritan Athletic Club, if the latter organization will put up a suitable purse. To prove I mean business I have posted \$100. LEE CHENEY.

A meeting was held at this office April 7, of the backers of Johnny Reagan and Pete McCoy, who are matched to contend 10 rounds for \$1,000 and the welter-weight championship of America. The match was to have been decided on April 17 at the Puritan Athletic Club, Long Island City, but Reagan "knocked up" his thumb on his left hand while fighting a bag. The meeting was with regard to a postponement. Warren Lewis did not want the match postponed, but claimed forfeit of the \$250 up. Billy Reid, Reagan's backer, agreed to give McCoy \$100 to postpone the match, and after a long and stormy discussion Warren Lewis accepted Reagan's backer's terms, and the match was postponed until May 1. Reagan has a bad hand, but one week's rest will put it all right. The battle will take place in the Puritan Athletic Club, and both pugilists will continue training.
The Ormonde Club of London is doing its best to bring about an international match between Nunc Wallace and George Dixon for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" championship belt and the feather-weight championship of the world. At first they offered to put up a purse of \$1,000 and allow Dixon \$250 for expenses, but Thomas O'Rourke refused to listen to such terms, and they raised the ante to a 2500 purse and agreed to wager £1,000 independent of the purse. On March 31 the club again held a meeting at London, and the following result was cable to the POLICE GAZETTE:
March 31, 1890.
The Ormonde Club are determined to bring about a match between Nunc Wallace, the English feather-weight, and George Dixon. At a meeting to-day Chas. Temple proposed to offer a purse of £500 for Wallace and Dixon to contend for before the Ormonde Club. Wallace's backer also agrees to back him against Dixon for £2,000, "Police Gazette" feather-weight belt and championship of the world, and post all the stakes before Dixon leaves America. ATKINSONS.

MR. KRUSCHKE'S REQUEST.
Mr. Herman Kruschke, of Ashland, Wis., writes us asking that we deny the statement made in the New York dailies that he is a bigamist. Mr. Kruschke states that he has but one wife, and we cheerfully make known the fact to our readers.
OUR CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS.—Parties in ordering Photographs will find it to their advantage to send for less quantities than from a half dozen to one dozen at each order, as less than that is liable to get injured in the mails. Address orders to Richard K. Fox, POLICE GAZETTE office, New York.

STAKEHOLDERS, N. B.

Who Will Win the Championship Belt?
---Referee's Chit-Chat.

FIGHTING FOR BIG STAKES.

I have received a communication from a stakeholder who recently held money on a foot race, and who has been sued to pay over the stakes, asking if he was liable for the money which had been paid over to the winner. It was a ticklish question to answer, and I merely gave him an opinion.

A stakeholder assumes a responsibility in which it may be necessary for him to pay the amount of stakes he has held twice over, owing to the law being framed in such a way that there is no protection for him; and should either of the contracting parties, after a match is concluded, begin legal proceedings to recover the money, it can doubtless be recovered.

During the past decades, proprietors of sporting papers, and prominent sporting men, have been sued for the stakes by parties who fairly lost them, so that it is a very difficult matter, nowadays, to find any one willing to run the risk of holding stakes on any match, no matter whether it is a pigeon shoot, fast race or a prize fight.

Years ago George Wilkes was sued for stakes in a big foot race, on which \$2,000 was dependent. The case was decided in the courts, and George Wilkes, after having handed over the stakes to the winner, had also to pay to the party who had fairly lost the money in fair and honest competition. In a match Billy Edwards arranged for \$2,000 and the light-weight championship with Sam Collyer, the latter forfeited according to the agreement signed. Edwards claimed forfeit, and Frank Queen paid over the money to Edwards according to the rule. Collyer's backer sued Frank Queen for the stakes he had posted, and after many legal complications, Collyer recovered the stakes he had fairly lost.

After Charley Norton defeated Jim Frawley in a match for \$1,000 and fairly lost, Frawley sued Richard K. Fox to recover the money his backer had posted, and the latter, who had handed over the stakes to Norton, who was entitled to them, had to refund the amount Frawley had posted.

It is owing to the risks that are run by stakeholders that there are so few men willing to run the risk of holding stakes unless the parties are well known, or the party selected for stakeholder is satisfied that there will be no after-trouble.

A stakeholder in all matches is in a responsible position, and a very unthankful one. In every match in which money is posted, no matter whether it has been lost by A or won by B, if it is handed over to the party declared the winner, the party who has fairly lost the money or wager posted can, through legal process, recover the amount deposited with the stakeholder, although he fairly lost it.

I have been reading what I call buncombe about Axtell, the great trotter, his ability to beat Maud S's time during the trotting season of 1889. Maud S. has got the best time for trotting a mile—3:08.40, and although Budd Dubois is going to drive Axtell, it is my firm belief that he will not equal, let alone beat, Maud S's time during the coming season.

The fact that Axtell is booked to do big stud duty will, in my judgment, be against him, and in his fourth year he is liable to suffer from his teeth. At any rate, if any trotter is going to beat Maud S's time, I do not think it will be Axtell.

I think that if there is any horse going to beat Maud S's time, during the coming season it will be Sunol, who trotted 2:50 1/4 at San Francisco. If no misfortune intervenes, Sunol will certainly trot two seconds faster this year, and Maud S. must lower her own record to retain her title of "Queen of the Trotting Turf."

I think on the arrival of Joe McAuliffe, the "Prisco Giant," in New York there will be another boom in pugilism. McAuliffe has a manager who will put him quickly through the pugilistic crucible and decide whether he is possessed of the quality and quantity for a champion. McAuliffe may be able to fill the bill for Billy Madden, but he will have to defeat every opponent he is matched against.

I think it is more than likely after McAuliffe's arrival East a match may be arranged between him and Kilrain. For a big purse, to be decided in or near this city. Kilrain after his sentence at Richburg has expired, will be in first-class condition, and, as he is eager to attain attempt to regain the top rung of the pugilistic ladder, which he fell from at his present abiding place last July, he will be particular who he faces in the arena, no matter whether it is Sullivan, Jackson, Slavin, McAuliffe or Corbett. The latter is practically not at present in the race for the "Police Gazette" championship belt and the championship of the world, owing to his contract with the Olympic Club, which does not expire until May, 1891.

Sullivan, I understand, has been notified by his legal advisers at Jackson, Miss., not to arrange any matches until his case has been decided next June, so that Kilrain, McAuliffe, Slavin and Peter Jackson will have to battle for the supremacy in the meantime. It would not surprise me, if Kilrain paid special care to training, to see him once more second in the race for the championship, and then meeting his conqueror for the title. Kilrain should, in condition, be able to conquer McAuliffe, Peter Jackson or Slavin.

Jake Gaudaur has agreed to row Edward Hanlan, who recently issued a challenge to row any man in America. After Hanlan issued his challenge it was expected that John Teemer, who is still the speediest oarsman in the United States, would have picked up the gauntlet. If Hanlan and Gaudaur row the race will assist to again rescue professional rowing from the slough of despond, where Teemer and Gaudaur placed it by their cooked up funny race last year.

The aquatic championship question is still causing a great deal of perplexity both in England and Australia. The Sydney Herald says:

"No provision is made in aquatic laws or regulations for such a case as is now before us. We are without precedent, and the only basis on which we can come to any conclusion is that of equity and the unwritten law of fair dealing and justice. It is contended by prominent aquatic men here that the championship belongs to Australia. This, however, is disputed by some, who, while admitting that from a sentimental standpoint the championship is a legacy coming to this country by right, are of the opinion that holding the championship is a purely personal matter, and that there are no such things as territorial rights and consequent national claims.

"The position is a peculiar one. It would seem, under the circumstances, that there is such a thing as the claims of waters. It is a common thing today, 'the championship belongs to American waters,' or 'Canada holds the championship,' or 'the championship must be taken from the Australian waters.' Besides the intention of such phrases there is also something of force in the use of the term 'championship course.' The championship course of the world now is the Paramatta river. Against this, however, may be set the fact that what is the championship course in a country at one time may not be so at another time. The championship course here was at one time the Nepean. If there is any strength in the claim of Australia in this particular, it lies in the fact that, had the champion lived, he could refuse to row on any other waters. It was but a matter of courtesy to O'Connor that the last great race was rowed on the Thames.

"The great weakness, however, in all the arguments for the view so generally held, is that there is, in fact, no championship at all existing. Nor is there anything that represents the championship. Were there a cup, a belt, an oar, a

shield, anything tangible, which remained here after the champion was gone and became really the property of the nation, we should find little difficulty in deciding what should be done; but such is not the case. Henry Seale won for himself the championship of the world. Except in a sentimental way, Seale, when he defeated Hanlan, won nothing for the country. There is nothing the country holds which represents the championship. Henry Seale could not leave to any man the championship, inasmuch as that championship was an intangible thing, which, being won from him, or retained by him, was simply represented by victorious personal strength. There is even no aquatic association which might take to itself the honor and the rights of the champion, to protect or to preserve them. The champion stood alone, the representative of no association; only the uncommissioned advocate of Australia in the aquatic world."

I beg to differ with the Sydney "Herald." There is a trophy which represents the championship—the "Police Gazette" single scull champion challenge cup—and the trophy was twice won by Wm. O'Connor in races for the championship with John Teemer and Jake Gaudaur, and O'Connor still holds the trophy, which he is ready to defend against Peter Kemp, James Stansbury or any oarsman in the world.

As heretofore remarked, Jake Kilrain has begun serving his sentence at Richburg, Miss., and by June 1 he will be again free and his agony will be over. What a burning shame it is to think that Kilrain, simply because he engaged in a fair and manly contest with John L. Sullivan, to decide, by science, courage and endurance, who was the best man, is compelled to spend sixty days with an embargo on his freedom.

There is, in my opinion, something fair and honorable in an appeal to pugilistic strength and science. It is done openly, not in secret; and in the presence of ampires and a referee to see justice done; no foul blow must be struck intentionally; a man is not to be struck when he is falling; he is helped up, and time given him to rest, and when he allows himself to be pronounced vanquished, his person is secure against all further violence.

In regard to regular combats for money, I think men who have decided to follow the profession of a pugilist have a right to gain their living by contributing to the public gratification, and those who do not like the amusement, should not attend. Of course unpleasant accidents sometimes happen, but so it is with the case with every other sport that can be mentioned. Such exhibitions keep up the national spirit, and afford infinite amusement both to the spectators and those who read the details in the newspapers.

Many claim that prize fighting is brutal. That it is not, is easily shown, for no brutes ever learned to box. The parties engaged are volunteers, and are gratifying their own taste, and seeking fame, wealth and glory in their own way.

Heroes of the fist want no pity—but patronage—and they feel when trained and enter the ring to battle for supremacy, that they are playing a glorious part; that the eyes of all the noble, heroic, and scientific are fixed on them, that the masses await the event of their great encounter.

McAuliffe, Dempsey and others, who have fought and won small fortunes in stakes, know their own interests and the rewards for which they contend. Tom King by defeating John C. Heenan in 1883 in England, won \$10,000; George Le Blanche by defeating Jack Dempsey with big gloves won \$5,000; Charley Mitchell by conquering Jim Mac with gloves recently at Glasgow, Scotland, won \$5,000. Nunc Wallace by defeating George Camp recently in London, England, gained \$5,000; John L. Sullivan by conquering Jake Kilrain won the \$21,000; and George Cooper, at Port Elizabeth, Africa, July, 1889, by defeating Wolf Bendoff captured \$22,000, while only recently Jack McAuliffe, in 3 hours and 6 minutes, defeated Jimmy Carroll and made over \$20,000.

The champion pugilist, whose valor has gained him a place in prize ring chronology, goes down to deathless renown, and his name will shine in the hemisphere of valor for ever and ever.

Another battle which will create quite a sensation in sporting circles in all parts of the country, is the battle recently arranged at New Orleans between Andy Bowen, the light-weight champion of Louisiana, and Billy Myers, of Stretcher, Ill., who are to battle for a purse of \$3,000, given by the West End Athletic Club, of New Orleans.

The battle is to be fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, in May, and the winner is to receive the full amount of the purse; Myers is the "Illinois Cyclone," who fought a long battle with Jack McAuliffe and who is a candidate for the light-weight championship. Bowen has figured in numerous battles, but he has never met a first-class light-weight. He has, however, been successful in numerous contests. He will have to be a pugilist possessed of great endurance and stamina to defeat Myers.

The day the men meet Myers will be a 2 to 1 favorite, and if Bowen is able to defeat the "Illinois Cyclone" his backers will be able to win a fortune. Myers is in the McAuliffe and Carroll class, and if he was matched against either the champion or Carroll there might have been some doubts as to his winning, but unless the Louisiana pugilist is a wonder Myers has already a mortgage on the West End Athletic Club's purse.

Novices, of course, sometimes defeat champions, but these occurrences are rare. In August 1868, Sam Collyer was light-weight champion and met Billy Edwards, who was a comparative novice, and to the surprise of many, Edwards defeated Collyer and won the championship of light-weights and \$2,000. In the fall of the same year George Rooke was defeated by a novice in a battle for \$2,000 and the middle-weight championship.

In 1880 Paddy Ryan, the "Troy Giant," who was a novice, fought Joe Goss, who was then the champion of America, for \$2,000 and the heavy-weight championship of America and conquered him. Bowen may make a pugilistic history repeat itself by conquering Myers, but it is very doubtful.

REFeree.

THE REAGAN-MCCOY FIGHT.

The Coming Battle Between the Two Famed Pugilists in Long Island City.

The battle between Johnny Reagan, the welter-weight champion of America, and Peter McCoy, the famous middleweight, who are to contend 10 rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500 a side and the gate money, is creating quite a furor in sporting circles in New York, Brooklyn and adjacent cities. Both men have gone into steady training, and neither will leave a stone unturned to face the scratch in first-class condition. McCoy is training at Joe Pedergast's 1707, at Clifton, Staten Island, while Reagan is located at a well-known resort on Long Island. McCoy is being trained by Joe Pedergast and Matt Lewis, a son of McCoy's brother, Warren Lewis, while Reagan is under the mentorship of Al Power, the well-known trainer. The battle is to be fought under the auspices of the Puritan Athletic Club, of Long Island City, and it is needless to state that the directors of this newly incorporated organization will do all in their power to see that the contest is won or lost on its merits. Billy Reid, well known in sporting circles, is backing Reagan to the tune of \$500, and if his pet boxer comes to the scratch to face his rival in good condition, and Reagan believes that he can go the journey without a halt, Reid will go another \$500 on the result. The stakes in the match are \$1,000, and the Puritan Athletic Club adds a goodly size purse, which will be an inducement for both to strive hard for the supremacy. Both pugilists have a legion of admirers who will speculate heavily on the result, and Philadelphia, New Jersey and Boston will back McCoy to their last dollar. Reagan and McCoy have gained considerable fame in the prize ring. McCoy has figured in more contests than Reagan, and he has had ten years' experience; but Reagan, for the time he has been engaged in prize ring encounters, has proved himself a first-class middleweight. It is said that Jack Dempsey and John L. Sullivan will second McCoy.

OUR NEW SPORTING GOODS CATALOGUE.—Send a two-cent stamp to cover postage for catalogue of sporting goods, portraits and all articles used by sportsmen. Address Richard K. Fox, Franklin square, New York.

FREE INFORMATION.

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Saloonkeepers, Barbers, Sports, &c., should send for a collection of our Elegant Cabinet Photographs of Pugilists, Wrestlers, Athletes, Ball Players, Jockeys, Lady Bicyclists, Actors, Actresses, Men of Notoriety, Fighting Dogs and Game Cocks. Mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents each.

Catalogue of Sporting Goods, Sensational Books and everything used by Athletes sent on receipt of a 2-cent stamp.

RICHARD K. FOX.

R. J. Oswego.—We do not understand what you want.
J. D. Bucoda, Wash.—Certainly B takes a run of three.
O. L. Jersey City Heights.—Send a forfeit to this office.
F. M. Santa Fe, N. M.—I do not know the lady's age. 2 No.

W. W. H. Fort Supply, Indian Ter.—His address is Stateville, N. C.

B. C. A., Broadhead, Wis.—Yes; and Jake Kilrain defeated Godfrey.

C. F. D., Waterbury, Conn.—Jimmy Carroll's proper name is James Fleming.

G. W. E., Corvite, Cal.—This the ninety first year of the nineteenth century.

C. G. G., South Sioux City.—Send 55 cents for the "Police Gazette" Card Player.

E. M. B., New Orleans, La.—We will use photo and forward you record book in a week or so.

F. D. D., Dallas, Texas.—We have sent for the information and will answer in a future issue.

CONSTANT READER, Kansas City, Mo.—Billy Myers, of Stretcher, Ill., is of Irish and German descent.

THE DAGO, Newark, N. J.—I. Benny Jones claims that title. 2 Yes; at Pastime Park, Philadelphia.

A. B., New York City.—You had better communicate with the tennorial artist who issued the challenge.

G. J., Pittsburg, Pa.—The answer to your problem as published in the POLICE GAZETTE was correct.

W. S., Newark, N. J.—Send 50 cents and we will mail you a book containing a record of weight-lifting.

T. R., St. Louis, Mo.—Write to E. I. Smith or John P. Clow, Denver, Col. We have not their records in full.

M. J., Cincinnati, Ohio.—Tom King, the pugilist, died of Yellow fever, at New Orleans, La., Sept. 2, 1867.

A. M., Newark, N. J.—You must play a trump, but it is optional with the player in regard to taking the trick.

J. P. Jr., New York City.—We cannot offer you any inducement to walk from New York to Chicago or St. Louis.

S. W. J., Middletown.—The Great Eastern arrived in New York first on June 28, 1860, and again on August 27, 1862.

FLOUR AND FEED, Northumberland, Pa.—It is optional with the flour dealer what price he shall demand for his goods.

J. N., Valley Hotel, Pittston, Pa.—I. Jem Mac is considered the most scientific pugilist that ever stood in a ring. 2 No.

SPORT, Memphis, Tenn.—1. No. Seconds have no right in the ring after time is called. 2. Certainly, if they desire to do so.

J. L. G., Ella, Minn.—1. Certainly; you can improve by training. 2. Send to this office for "The American Athlete."

M. D., Holyoke, Mass.—1. No. 2. Harry Brunton and Jimmy Welch seconded Tom Sayers when he fought John C. Heenan.

W. S. H., Newark, N. J.—Charley Mitchell never fought at weight. He fought middle-weight and heavy-weight pugilists.

F. N. L., Bergen Point, N. J.—1. Send for "The American Athlete" to this office. 2. Certainly, if you train and practice regularly.

G. E., Parkville, L. I.—James Carroll the pugilist, was born at Lambeth, London, England, in 1856, according to his own statement.

FRUGALITY, Cambria County, Pa.—John L. Sullivan never knocked out Charley Mitchell at Madison Square Garden. The police stopped the contest.

B. M. L., Roulette Player.—We have not space to go into the details of the game. Send \$1 and we will mail you a book describing how the game is played.

D. W., New York City.—Dan O'Leary did allow John Ennis, the Chicago pedestrian, 10 miles start in 100 miles and defeated him, at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 16, 1877.

M., Savannah, Ga.—1. It was the duty of the referee to settle the question when the judges disagreed. 2. The first decision was final and could not be reversed.

G. G. P., Coral, S. Dak.—1. John L. Sullivan has weighed over 200 pounds in several of his glove contests. 2. He weighed 217 1/2 pounds when he fought Jake Kilrain.

E. K., Central City, S. Dak.—Yes; Charley Mitchell knocked John L. Sullivan down when they boxed four rounds, with gloves, in Madison Square Garden, New York.

L. D., Philadelphia, Pa.—Arthur Chambers of Philadelphia is a light-weight, while Ned O'Baldwin stood 6 feet 5 1/2 inches and weighed 210 pounds. Your question is absurd.

J. Z. Y., Chicago, Ill.—Send for the "Poker Player" and the "Police Gazette Card Player" to this office. Either of the above books will give you full information regarding the game.

A. J. S., New Bedford, Mass.—1. Charley Westhall walked 21 miles, 147 yards in 3 hours, at Newmarket, England, Feb. 20, 1858. 2. Yes; Westhall died in London, England, Oct. 12, 1868.

AQUATIC, Harlem River, N. Y.—Wallace Ross defeated Warren Smith, rowing 3 miles, for \$1,000 a race, on Sept. 1, 1879, at Hall's, N. Y. Ross rowed the distance in 21 minutes 25 seconds.

M. J. W., Boston.—Pete McCoy was born in Ireland in 1858. He stands 5 feet, 9 1/2 inches in height, and weighs 145 pounds in condition. McCoy came to America in 1863, and made Hoboken, N. J., his abiding place.

F. K., Conde, South Dakota.—1. John L. Sullivan, when he fought Jake Kilrain, weighed 217 1/2 pounds. 2. Sullivan weighed 195 pounds when he fought Paddy Ryan, and about 200 pounds when he fought Charley Mitchell.

J. M., Sing Sing, N. Y.—The contest between Charley Mitchell and John L. Sullivan at Madison Square Garden, New York City, ended by the police refusing to allow it to proceed. All bets made on that contest were drawn.

J. M., Floodwood, Mich.—Tom McAlpine and Johnny Mulligan fought at Green Bay, Wis., on Sept. 25, 1869, for \$1,000. 91 rounds were fought in 2 hours 10 minutes, according to London prize ring rules, the battle ended in a draw.

T. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. No. 2. The battle between George Dixon and Cal McCarthy lasted 4 hours 40 minutes. It was fought Feb. 7, 1890. The battle between Patsy Kerrigan and Danny Needham lasted 100 rounds, 6 hours and 35 minutes.

L. J., Amsterdam, N. Y.—1. Col. J. H. McLaughlin, the retired champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, is a conductor on the S. L. & E. R. R., which runs between Seattle and Snohomish, Washington. 2. A letter addressed to Col. J. H. McLaughlin, care H. J. Page, Seattle, Wash., will reach him.

TERFMAN, Sheephead Bay, Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. Australian race horses take their ages from Aug. 1. English race horses take their ages from Jan. 1. 2. James White had to breed Kirkham and Navelin. The Australian horses entered for the English Derby, had to be specially bred to be eligible for the race.

M. W. C., Boston, N. Y.—Regal Wilkes is the property of Wm. Corbett of San Mateo, Cal. Faustina is owned by Count Valentin, of Pleasanton, Cal. Stamboul is owned by J. Hobart, of San Francisco. Palo Alto is owned by Leland Stanford. Harry Wilkes is owned by the Sire Bros., and Sunol and Maud S. are owned by Robert Bonner.

M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.—Abe Hicken, the pugilist, was born at Wolverhampton, England, in 1849. He was in this country in 1868, and challenged any man in America to fight at 124 pounds for \$2,000. On Dec. 28, 1868, Hicken defeated Pete Maguire for \$2,000, at Perryville, Cecil County, Maryland, in 5 rounds, 50 minutes, breaking Maguire's jaw.

M. J., Boston.—1. Guy Wilkes is ten years old. He was foaled in 1880. 2. When he was five years old he trotted a third heat in 2:19 1/4. 3. He trotted a mile in 2:18 1/4 when he was six years old. He was seven years old when he trotted a mile in 2:14 1/4. 4. Guy Wilkes is the sire of Regal Wilkes, 2:30 1/4 at 3 years, 1:40

Wilkes, 2:17 1/4 at 2 years; Sable Wilkes, 2:18 at 3 years; Hand Wilkes, 2:30 at 4 years, and Una Wilkes, 2:30 at 3 years.

S. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—George Seddons and Arthur Chambers were matched to fight at Campobello, N. H., on May 31, 1873, for \$2,000. Chambers, through mistake, failed to weigh in time and Seddons' backer claimed the stakes. Chambers sued the stakeholder. A compromise was effected and Chambers accepted \$50 for his share. On August 3, 1873, Chambers defeated Seddons according to London prize ring rules, at Brooklyn, N. Y., in 30 rounds, 1 hour, 40 minutes.

J. W. M., Latonia, Ky.—The following is a list of the trotters sold in this country and the amount paid for them:
Axtell..... \$105,000 Happy Medium..... \$22,500
Bell Boy..... 51,000 Nutwood..... 32,000
Stamboul..... 50,000 Sam Purdy..... 22,000
Sunol..... 49,000 Starrie..... 20,000
Acelye..... 40,000 Edward Everett..... 20,000
Maud S..... 40,000 Edward..... 20,000
Pocahontas..... 40,000 St. Julien..... 20,000
Karus..... 36,000 Lady Maud..... 20,000
Antevoy..... 35,000 Socrates..... 20,000
Dexter..... 35,000 Constantine..... 20,000
Goldsmith Maid..... 32,000 Rosalind..... 20,000
Smuggler..... 30,000 May Bird..... 20,000
Anteo..... 30,000 Rosal..... 18,000
Blackwood..... 30,000 Lucy..... 17,000
Jay Gould..... 30,000 Edgemark..... 16,000
Lolly Thorpe..... 33,000 Edwin Forrest..... 16,000
Prince Wilkes..... 30,000 Prospect Maid..... 15,000
Pancost..... 28,000 Alma Mater..... 15,000
Guy Sprague..... 27,500 Grafton..... 15,000
Patron..... 27,000 Electric Bell..... 15,000
Mascot..... 25,000 Chimes..... 12,500
Fearnought..... 23,000 Electrolux..... 12,500
Jerome Kidly..... 25,000 Lancet..... 12,500
Wedgewood..... 25,000 Police Gazette (formerly Geo. M. Patchen..... 25,000 Emma B..... 10,000

MATT MCCARTHY WALLOPS DIXON.

[SUMMARY OF ILLUSTRATION.]

George Dixon, the colored feather-weight pugilist of Boston caught a Tartar at the Southwark Athletic Club Philadelphia on March 31.

The club had offered a purse for Matt McCarthy, the well-known feather-weight of Philadelphia, and Dixon to contend for under the auspices of the club. After the match had been ratified no one had the least idea that McCarthy possessed the skill and bettering ability to conquer Dixon, and those who speculate on flat encounters in Philadelphia backed the Boston colored feather-weight.

A tremendous crowd filled the club rooms to witness the contest. It was announced that the set-to was to be friendly and purely scientific, but from the time the first blow was struck it was evident that a mistake had been made in the announcement. Dixon has enough white blood in his veins to give an ashen hue to his skin. He had the advantage of McCarthy in both length and weight, and he seemed very confident as he stepped to the middle of the ring.

Both men were stripped to the waist. Dixon at once made a strong feint with his left and let go hard with his right, catching McCarthy on the ear.

There was an "Oh!" from the spectators, and then it was still enough to have heard a pin fall. Dixon rushed McCarthy, and fought him all over the stage, McCarthy, for the time, merely protecting his vitals, and making no show of fighting back. But as soon as Dixon had finished his rush, McCarthy came at him strong, and in the first exchange caught the colored boxer full on the point of the chin with a swinging left, and knocked him down. There was a wild cheer from the hall, but McCarthy did not seem able to follow up his advantage.

In the second round both men appeared cautious, but Dixon's success in long range sparring soon tempted him into making another rush. Infighting is McCarthy's strong hold, as the colored boy soon found to his cost. Slung as he would Dixon could not find an opening for his hard blows. McCarthy's gloves were always there when he aimed for a tender spot. In the clinches the down-towner invariably got the better of it, and once he twisted Dixon off his feet.

It was for blood in the third round and hard blows were taken by both men. McCarthy, who had been vainly trying to land another left-handed swing, suddenly let go hard with his right while at close quarters and he caught Dixon full on the jaw. Dixon staggered and fell, but was soon up again. It was give and take to the end of the round; McCarthy landed a straight left-hand blow on Dixon's nose, which sent him staggering, and a vicious right-hand upper-cut on Dixon's jaw dazed the colored champion. "You have got him, Mac," was shouted, followed by "Knock him out!" "Settle him!" McCarthy forced the fighting and punished Dixon, knocking him down.

All decorum was forgotten and the spectators yelled themselves hoarse. The manager of the club, fearing a disturbance in case Dixon should be knocked out, would not let the contestants continue. McCarthy insisted on the fourth round being fought, knowing he had Dixon whipped, but the directors of the club refused, and the crowd were sadly disappointed. If the battle had been finished, McCarthy would undoubtedly have won unless during the one minute rest allowed between the rounds, Dixon should have recovered from the terrific blows that had dazed him. It is the general opinion that a match will be made between Dixon and McCarthy, and when they meet it will be a fight between fighters from Fightersville.

A GREAT TOURNAMENT IN ST. LOUIS.

The final boxing and wrestling bouts of the Western Amateur Athletic Association championships was held at St. Louis recently. The numerous events were all well contested, and the 3,000 spectators left the Exposition Building well satisfied with the sport. The following are the winners:

Wrestling—Feather-weight class, William Murphy, Union Athletic Club, Chicago; light weight class, B. A. McFadden, Missouri Gymnasium, St. Louis; middle-weight class, John Delt, Olympics, St. Louis; heavy-weight class, John Touhey, Union Athletic Club, Chicago. In this contest Touhey, in an arm-and-shoulder lock, broke the right shoulder of James L. Fogarty, of the South St. Louis Turners' Society, and then had an easy task turning his antagonist. The unfortunate man was sent to the hospital.

Boxing—Feather-weight class, John Winn, of St. Louis, unattached; special class, 125 pounds and under, Stephen A. Malloy, Missouri Gymnasium, St. Louis; middle-weight class, W. H. Arthur, Union Athletic Club, Chicago; heavy-weight class, W. H. Arthur, Union Athletic Club, Chicago.

THE "ST. PAUL KID" WANTS TO FIGHT.

Jimmy Kennard, the St. Paul Kid, who recently defeated Jack Lyman, writes to us as follows:

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 29, 1890.
I have decided to go to England with my brother to meet Nunc Wallace in the Ormunde Club. Since I have been in Buffalo I have won eight battles. The Erie Athletic Club doesn't hitch with the rival association, the Arlington Athletic Club, and the Erie has kept sending for fighters to all parts of the country to whip me, but they all fail. I am a good two-handed fighter and can hit hard enough for two men like me. I fairly surprise a fighter when I hit him. Ask Frank McLaughlin how I punch. I had him fairly licked two years ago when he called it a draw. I only weighed 106 pounds then. If there is any fighter that weighs from 106 give or take 2 pounds, who will fight "Police Gazette" rules for \$1,500; the Arlington Club will offer a \$500 purse.
JIMMY KENNARD, the St. Paul Kid.

This special was received on the date given:
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, March 29.

Messrs. Gilroy, Price & Co., of this city, are corresponding with the many broncho riders of Mexico, Arizona and of this State in regard to holding an international tournament in New York city on one of the race tracks. What conditions are to govern the equestrian race, which is to be for the championship of the world, has not yet been decided on. Messrs. Gilroy & Price have written to Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, asking if he will put up a championship trophy to be given to the winner. It is expected the distance of the race will be from 50 to 200 miles, relay horses.

THE SENSATION OF THE DAY.—The cowardly murder of young Fred C. Bonwell, in the Canadian woods, after being enticed from England. Profusely illustrated. Send 25 cents to POLICE GAZETTE office, New York.



A FAMOUS POLO TEAM.

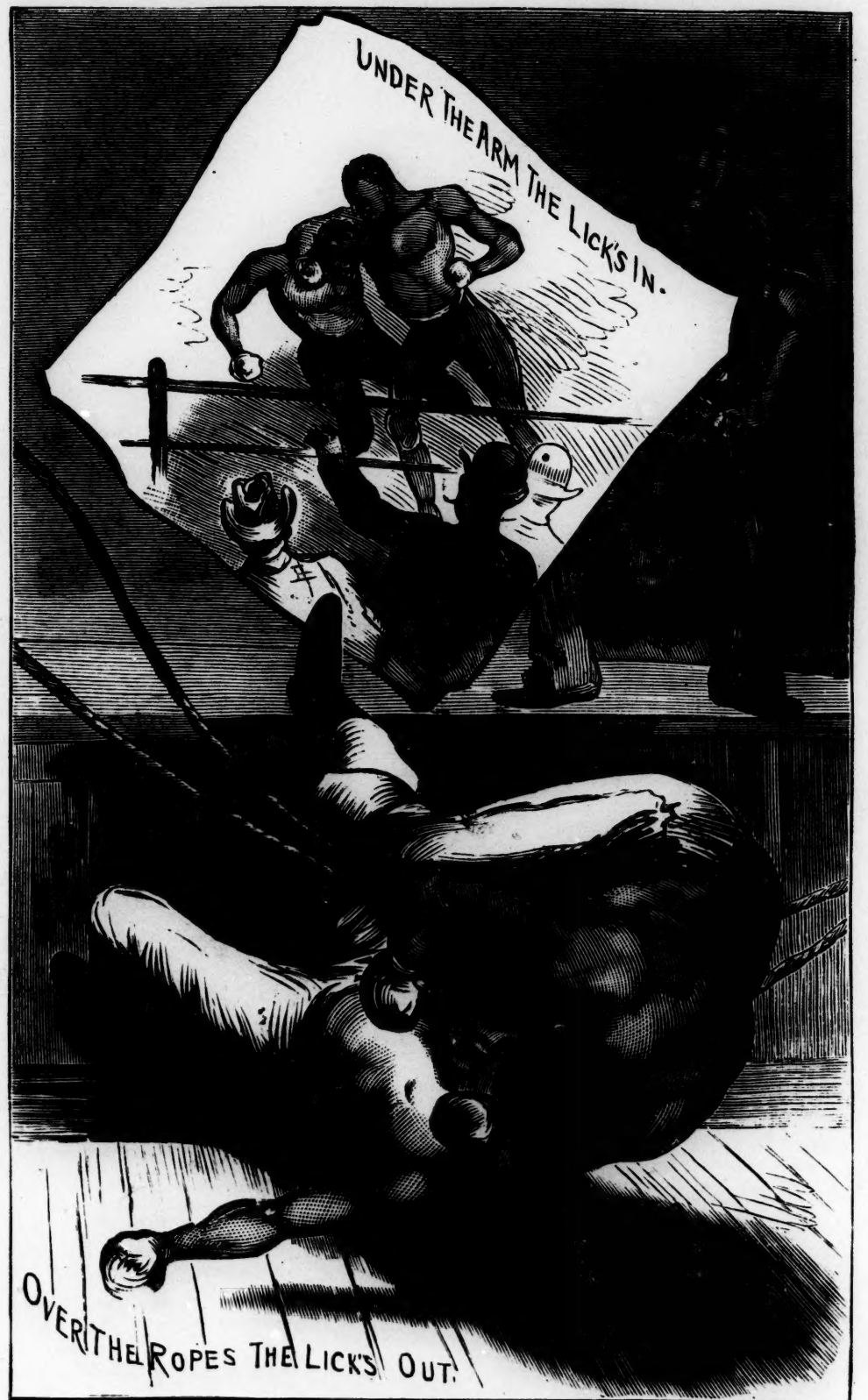
BRAWNY BOYS OF MUNCIE, IND., WHO ARE SOON TO COMPETE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES.

I.—Captain, Kirk. II.—Goal-Tender, Widemyer. III.—Second-Rush, Beeson. IV.—Manager, Lockwood. V.—Sub. Maddy. VI.—Goal-Tender, Wolf. VII.—First-Rush, Buchanan.



MRS. TIERNEY HOLDS THE FORT.

A DODGETOWN, PA., LADY CORRALES A CONSTABLE AND LANDLORD WHO SEEK TO EJECT HER AND MAKES THEM TIRED.



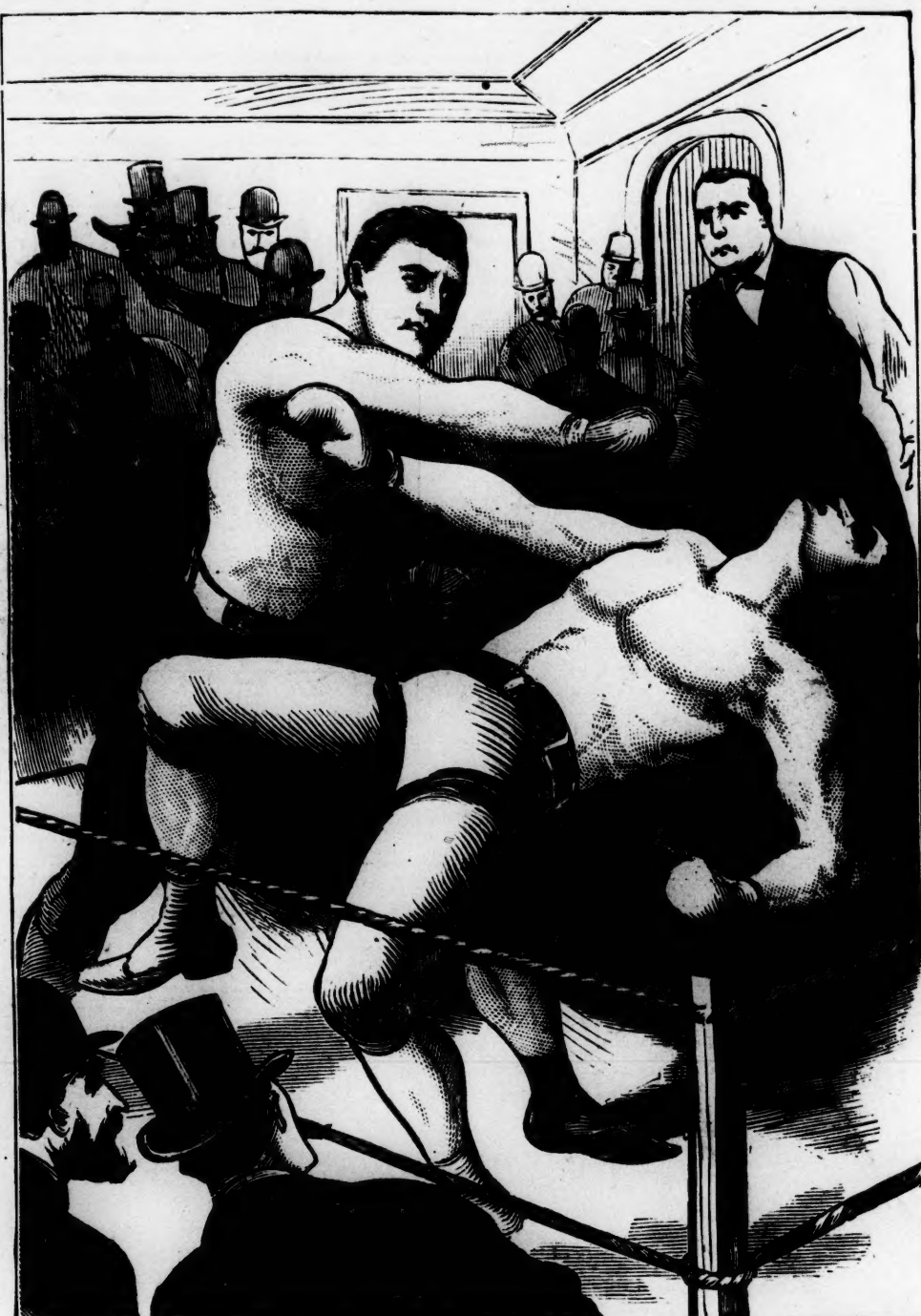
COLORED SPORTS HAVE FUN.

TERRIFIC ENCOUNTERS BETWEEN PUGILISTS IN BROOKLYN, N. Y., FOR FAME, GLORY AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE EARTH.



PUGILISTIC MAMMAS.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION AT A CHURCH MAPLE-SUGAR PARTY IN CARO, MICH. TERMINATES IN A SCRAP AND A DANCE.



ED. SMITH KNOCKS MIKE CLEARY OUT.

THE DOUGHTY DENVER MIDDLE-WEIGHT DOWNS THE NEW YORK MIDDLE-WEIGHT IN ONE ROUND AT HOT SPRINGS, ARK.



MURDERED NEAR HIS HOME.

JOHN H. CADDALL, TREASURER OF PULASKI COUNTY, W. VA., FOUND WITH HIS HEAD CRUSHED AND FATALLY SHOT.

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NO MONEY
Required Until After
Full Examination.

A Genuine Solid Coin Nickel Watch, Open Face, half, base, finished to a dashing brightness, dust and damp proof, and warranted to wear a life time. World-famed as being brighter, harder, smoother and more lasting than solid Sterling or Coin Silver. Fitted with a high grade adjusted genuine stem-wind movement, finely jeweled polished pinion, oil tempered main spring, which does not break and all the latest improvements thoroughly inspected and timed before leaving the factory. This watch is a fine looker and we warrant it to keep accurate time.

Our 60-day Offer

That all may have this beautiful watch in their hand and fully examine and see for themselves the value and running qualities of same we will send to C. O. D. to your express office, with the privilege to examine it. If found satisfactory you can pay the express charge, if not satisfactory you can return same and you are not out a cent but your time in going to the express office. Knowing the fine quality of this watch we make the above offer, and any one wanting a good time piece will accept same at once on examination. A guarantee goes with each watch fully warranting the watch to be exactly as represented and a thoroughly reliable time-keeper. Order at once or our price will be advanced. Address W. Hill & Co., Wholesale Jewelers, 111 Madison St. Chicago.

We recommend this watch to any one who desires a low priced watch that will give SERVICE with DURABILITY. Kindly mention this paper when you order.

ONLY 50 CENTS

Sent with your order as a guarantee of good faith is all we require, the balance (\$5.00) you can pay at the express office after you have examined the watch, and are convinced of its worth. The watch we show here is a beautiful 14 K. SOLID GOLD watch, plated, shell pattern watch. We can supply either ladies' or men's size. It is hunting case, jeweled lever movement, warranted for 5 years. In carrying this watch you will have the credit of owning a fine Solid Gold Watch, and for use is just as desirable by registered mail, postpaid, for only \$5.50 and include with it a fine, gold plated chain, or if you wish to see the watch before paying for it, send 50 cents and we will send it by express C.O.D., with privilege of examination at the express office before paying. Any bank, newspaper or commercial agency will tell you we are a responsible house. Catalogue free. Address or call on K. L. ANDERSON & CO., 62 Fulton Street N. Y.

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WANTED

I am 25 years of age, height 5 feet 3, weight 120 pounds, have a turn-up nose and am a single man. I wish to marry a good, honest, affectionate woman. On my wedding day I will give my husband \$5,000 in cash, and one year later, if we are still living together, I will make over to him the balance of my property which consists of \$10,000 in government bonds and twice that amount in real estate. For illustration of the above advertisement (complete) and 200 similar ads. Address, CLIMAX PUBLISHING CO., 14-D, CHICAGO.

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THE NEW YORK SPORTING TIMES
Is the Leading Baseball Paper of America. A supplement picture of a ball player given away each week, suitable for framing. Sample sent free on application. SPORTING TIMES, P. O. Box 611, N. Y. City.

MARRIAGE GUIDE: A private Guide to Marriage Life, showing (50 Engravings) Birth, How, Why, What, and relations of sexes. Send \$1 bill. QUEEN CITY SUPPLY AGENT, Toronto, Ontario.

MATRIMONIAL PAPER.
Contains nearly 300 advertisements of ladies & gentlemen wanting to correspond for fun or matrimony. Sample copy, sealed, 10c. HEART AND HAND, Chicago, Ill.

DOWN WENT MCGINTY and 100 other Songs 10c.; 3 lots 25c. H. Wehman, 130 Park Row, N. Y.

N-E-W-R-O-O-K. Too funny, 14 racy pictures B. & A. after marriage, and 18 photos, with rubber sample, only 10c. HOME SUPPLY CO., Batavia, Ohio.

Our Illustrated Circular sent sealed for 2c. stamp, tells where and how to get books, photos, etc. Address LOCK BOX 104, Oswego, N. Y.

Perfection strengthens, enlarges and develops any portion of the body. Price \$1. N. E. Med. Inst., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass. (Copyrighted)

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TOO FUNNY. This book showing 14 rich illustrations of a young married couple in all sorts of amusing and funny positions. FANCY PHOTOS, all 10c. U. S. SUPPLY CO., ENFIELD, OHIO.

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Get the Set of Four Pretty French Girls. Highly colored and in interesting positions, 10c. per set; three sets, 25c.; no two alike. Stamps taken. 14 SPIRITED pictures, exhibiting a young couple in all sorts of antics. "Before and After Marriage." 10c.; 3 for 25c. Box 100, No. 34 Church St., N. Y.

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Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

R—Erythroxylon coca, 14 drachm.
Serrubelin, 14 drachm.
Helonise Dione, 14 drachm.
Gelsemin, 8 grains.
Ext. ignatiae amara (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Ext. leptandra, 2 scrupules.
Glycerin, q. s.

Make 60 pills. Take one pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nervous condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1 a securely sealed package containing pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for \$5.

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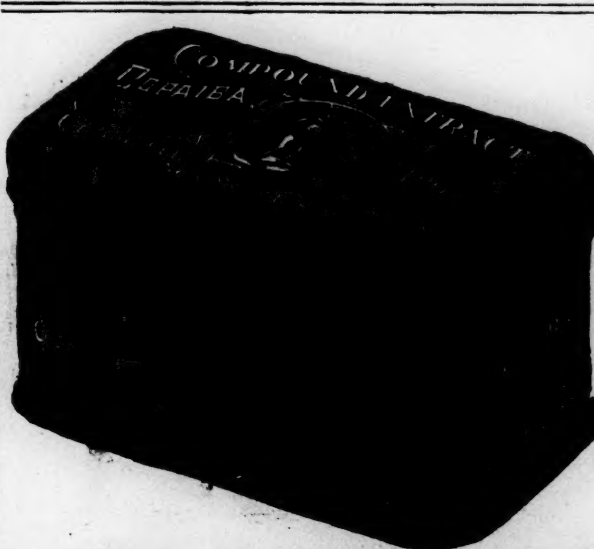
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Macqueen's Matico Injection. A preventive, and specific cure for Gonorrhea, Gleet and all urinary troubles, without the unpleasant results from swallowing nauseous medicines. Price, \$1. All druggists.

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We have retailed at our store 38,575 boxes of MONELL'S COMPOUND EXTRACT COPAIBA, CUBEBS AND IRON. It is a Certain and Speedy Cure.

Guaranteed in every case, no matter how obstinate or long standing. No other preparation like it. The iron used in this preparation, combined with the other ingredients, acts like a charm in its wonderful results, and has no equal. It is pleasant to take, does not impair the digestion and gives tone and strength to the entire system. No need for injection; therefore no danger of producing stricture. This is no humbug.

AUTHOR—This preparation is not sold in liquid or pill form. See that you get the genuine. The secret of the success of this remedy is simply this: We make the COPAIBA digest entirely—the only medicine in the world which does actually and thoroughly digest—consequently it is a specific. Ask your physician about it. It is recommended by eminent physicians. Price \$1 by mail. C. E. MONELL, Druggist, First Avenue, corner Houston Street, New York, and by druggists generally.

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EXTRA NOTICE—I will guarantee, in every instance, that it will not require more than three to five boxes of the COMPOUND EXTRACT OF COPAIBA, CUBEBS AND IRON to cure the worst case of Gonorrhea, no matter how long standing or obstinate, if a person takes it properly, according to the directions, making each box last one week (twenty-one doses); and if a man will make an affidavit that he has not taken one single glass of beer, whiskey, gin, or any kind of spirituous liquors or wines, or one chew of tobacco, I will furnish what ever Extract is necessary to complete the cure free of charge, if there be any more required, it will apply to me personally.

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AND SEXUAL POWER INCREASED. Effects of self-abuse removed. Emissions stopped. Menstrual Disorders cured. Vigor and Manly Development Guaranteed. For One Dollar I mail a sealed box of MAGNETINE, or a GUARANTEE, stating if certain parts (or organs) are not enlarged and Sexual Power increased, I will positively refund \$1.00.

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YOUTHFUL IMPRUDENCE (self-abuse or excess) results in complaints such as LOSS OF MEMORY, SPOTS BEFORE THE EYES, DEFECTIVE SENSE, HEARING AND TASTE, NERVOUSNESS, WEAK BACK, CONSTIPATION, NIGHT EMISSIONS, LOSS OF SEXUAL POWER, ETC., ETC. ALL MEN, YOUNG AND OLD, suffering from these afflictions, lead a life of misery.

A LINGERING DEATH, the reward of their ignorance and folly, causes many to contemplate and even commit suicide, and large numbers end their lives amidst the horrors of PSYCHIC ANXIETY. FAILURE IN BUSINESS and the RUINATION OF HOMES are frequently the results of ERRORS OF YOUTH. WILL YOU BE ONE MORE numbered with these thousands of misfortunates? Or will you accept

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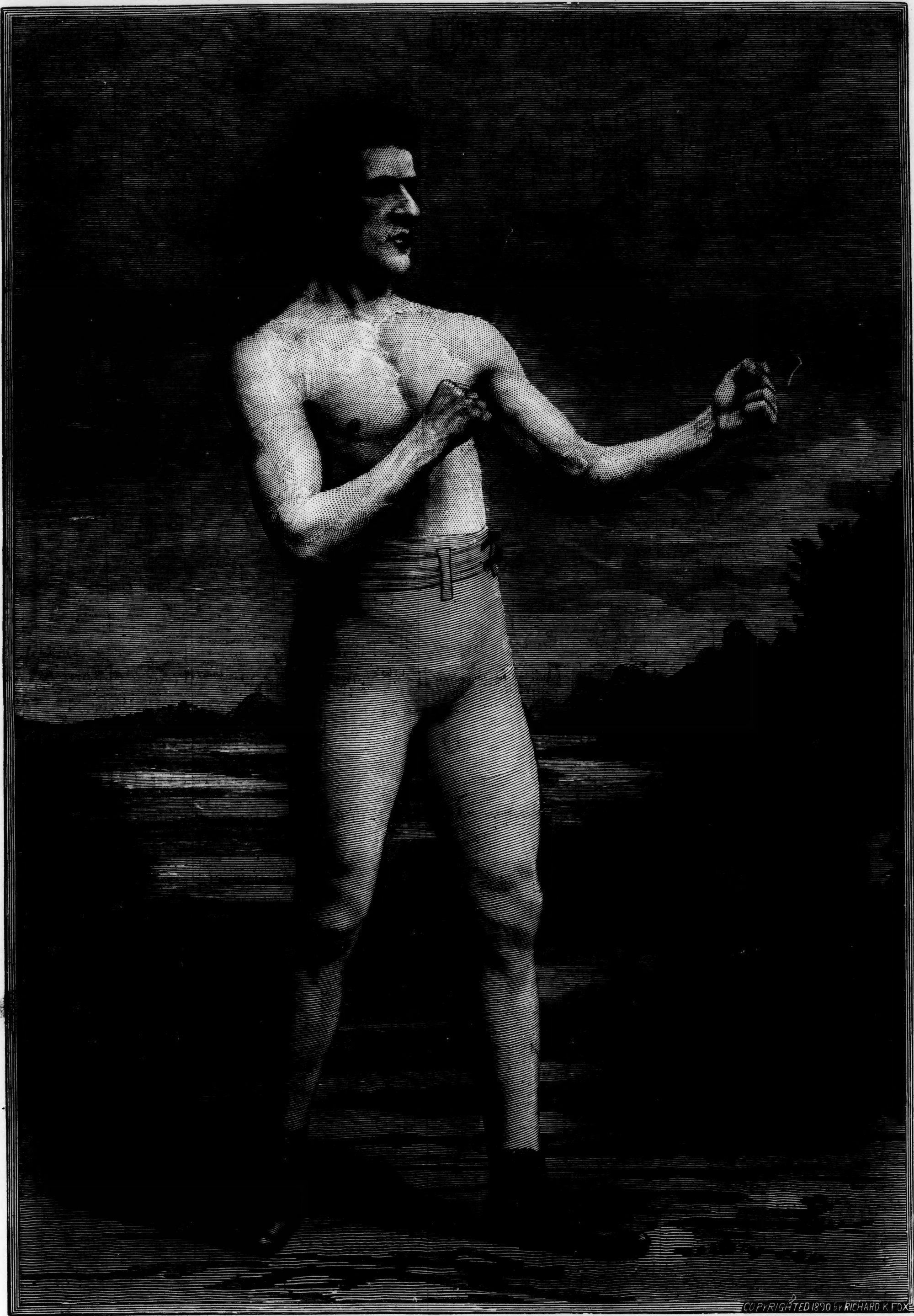
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